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THE SINNER AND THE PROBLEM.

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CHAPTER I.

THE sun was almost down to the tree-tops before I, who had wandered searching half the morning, found my flowers and my brick wall to work at. For (and may some god defend me for a poor painter) I cannot work as others, good souls, are able; needing first a proper mood to catch hints and tints, and a subject befitting my mood, and the sun on all, and I know not what else beside. But just as the big thrushes in the elms were beginning their evening anthem I turned in my walk, and the scent of cowslips came down wind to me from the meadow, and the old walls were dark against a yellow sky. Send me twice a month a sight like that!

Some, truly, can chop sticks from any wood to boil their pot, but not I. Believe me lazy, but I needed that hint of cowslips, and began straightway aworking the scent of them into my sky, if you will take my meaning. There were bluebells and anemones for a goddess's bride-bed at my feet, and, just seen, the turret-end of the house, where the chestnuts broke away beyond and left a clean background of thin chromes and greens; and I had set up my folding-stool under a laburnum-tree that rained gold in the breeze,

though that was not yet chill, for it was a full hour to sundown.

Mine host had bidden me to his house an invalid; or almost that, though I was on the high road to recovery, thanks to his wife's good fare and the winds that blow. What had ailed me I know not with certainty. Heaven forbid that I should add my cackle to the verdict of those doctors; truly they pulled out a string of unmannerly names from their pockets as monks count their rosaries, and found symptoms in me enough, I once thought, to have laid low an army. *Fly! Fresh air!* whispered I; and *I will!* I roared back to myself, and left the doctors to squabble unpaid till I could paint a picture and help them. Mine host had promised me flowers and leaves and lawns here, there, and everywhere, to tempt brush and paper; and here I had found a picture well to my liking under my laburnum-tree.

These, then, I needed,—good fare and the winds that blow. And I was like to find both, it seemed; for we lay on the rib of a hill, and over the back came the breath of the sea, wet and salt many a mile inland, purring through the trees; so that I, a layman who could make neither head nor tail of doctor's jargon (nor swallow their physic for

that matter), opened my lungs into the air and shouted when I reached the hill-top. That was cure enough, I should fancy, for any sick man; and beside all this, mine host had chosen the place for his school-boys, and in affairs of climate and health I know (for he told me) that parents are particular beings. Good fare, too, there was to be had in abundance, home-brews and white bread rolls and cream in side-dishes, big rounds of beef and apple-pies. I found my pipe a friend again, too, and that rejoiced me not a little, for I know no better weather-glass, so to speak, than a man's pipe: if it is ever cajoling and tempting him, he may slap his thigh and thank the powers; but if he forget the taste, or it lies sulking in his pocket, why then he had best shift his lodging or his doctor.

Below me in the valley stretched woodland country; oak and ash and elm as I could tell by the colouring, for the ash had hardly budded and the oaks were new-leaved, crimson and russet. A lake, too, lay there, fed (I fancied) by a stream or two from the hills, and another streak of water ran a gold riband out to the river and the ships; this also, it seemed to me, joined the lake, but so thick were the trees that one might pardon a mistake. I could see a tiny hamlet nestling under a spire, and near the lake, that mirrored bronze leaves and yellow sky, a red-brick house, square-built and solid.

But I was neither up the hill nor down, for we stood half-way on the slope, and the path I had trodden lay along it, and I had but noticed the red-brick house on my left beneath me, as a poor painter with doctors' bills in his pocket may glance at the dwellings of the rich, and sigh, knowing they are not for him and the likes of him. For me,

just then, I was making the most of my light, and my painting promised well, as I thought; and I plied my brush happily, thanking heaven that there was time enough and to spare for a round dozen of pictures before I must back to the smoke and rattle of the town. And there were intervals in the thrushes' singing when I thought I could hear the first few uncertain notes of the nightingale, before his love is on him and willy-nilly he must sing, a long-drawn whistle, keen and thrilling, and then a jerk and a fal-la-la, as if he caught himself in song before the time; but I listened for him, because I love the nightingale above all singing things, and he sent me mad once before on a hot night in May,—it must be ten years since.

So my painting grew till the light had nearly gone; already the lake and the woods had dulled, and only on the hills the sun shone. Then I heard steps behind me, steps as of two, treading softly on the grass and the flowers. They paused at my back, and I did not look round, for a painter must make more of his time than need a—curate, I meant to write, and let that stand; but the colour was wet then, and I was busy with a half-light in the chestnuts.

"That's very pretty," spoke a voice at my elbow.

I finished for the day and turned on my camp-stool. Two boys stood by me, their hands in their pockets, and it seemed my picture had attracted them. One of them, the younger (as I guessed) looked at me and repeated the compliment. Now my pictures (praise Hooker!) have found favour before, and disfavour too, for what that be worth; but I like an honest criticism, and this came of conviction. He looked curiously at my paint-box, and picked

up a fallen brush, handing it me with respect, which pleased me mightily; I cannot tell why, unless that, as a rule, I am left to gather my brushes myself. I told him that I felt honoured by his approval, and I asked what the other thought; but he did not answer directly.

"He likes it because it's green and red and yellow," said he at last. "He paints like that himself, in the papers." He threw himself down in the grass, and kicked his toes into the ground one after another, regardless of the bluebells. "Now I like a picture where you can see everything in it,—little frogs and things in front, I mean; and something happening,—a fight, or a house on fire."

Lack-a-daisy, thought I, but this is a Philistine; and I declare I nearly launched at him the greater part of my views on Impressionism and other kindred matters, which would have puzzled him sorely, I should think, as mayhap they have puzzled others. Howbeit, I considered, such things are not for children to quack over, after all, and asked him another question. "So he paints?" said I, nodding at his playmate.

"Oh, he does everything, paints, and draws, and carves people's names,—that isn't allowed, at least not on the desks; but he doesn't care, he says. He's always in some row with the masters; he tells lies and cribs and that sort of thing," he added, not, I could see, without a certain admiration. "I should think he was breeched once a week. When were you breeched last?" he asked, turning his head to glance at the figure that stood by my side listening till the tale of his enormities should be told. I guessed the outlandish word indicative of a beating.

"Monday," came the answer meditatively, but he blushed and looked

away; I was a stranger then. This day, be it said, was Wednesday.

"You're a regular sinner, it seems," said I. And on my soul, as I caught his eyes, I could not help laughing, till the other stared at me from the grass in wonder. But the Sinner he remained, because of that, till the end of the chapter.

"Draw me," he said.

The impertinence of the small being! Here was I, a stranger in the land, not having set eyes on him to my knowledge before, the sun a flaming half-circle on the hills, and I must needs unpack my pencils for him,—him, breeched once a week! Yet he seemed confident enough, and presently out came my book, and I drew him where he stood. And as I drew, I hummed under my breath the lilt of a tiny French song that comes to me sometimes when I am amused beyond my ordinary habit; for a painter must laugh to live, or the Hanging Committee might kill him with so little as a bad light for his picture. When I had nearly finished, and the sun showed only a rim of fire, I found that the other boy was whistling my little song. He had not moved from the grass, and two holes by a clump of primroses showed the dints of small iron-shod boots.

"Had you heard that before?" I asked.

"That, your tune? No," he answered simply; "I like it, though."

The Sinner came round behind me to look. "He's always whistling. The music-master says—" He lost his thread as he caught sight of the drawing.

Truth to tell, that did not make a bad picture. When I have looked at it since, I have heard nightingales and smelt cowslips; but others, I know, have seen little else but a twelve-year old boy with frayed knickerbockers, a tip-tilted nose, and

a cap on the back of his head. Yet one old man looked at it twice, and drew a clump of primroses in the corner of the page; and as he was old, and met my meaning half-way, so to speak, I left it there. To be sure, since the primrose-clump, some have hinted at a child listening to spring-birds; but he knew it all from the beginning. He was not a critic, let it be said.

Of the other I began a picture, too, lying with his chin on his hands, but I had not more than outlined him in charcoal before a distant bell gave tongue at the school, and the pair of them looked at each other.

"Can we come and watch you paint every day?" questioned the Sinner.

Now I am a selfish, solitary person, and particularly dislike a companion when I am sketching. I cannot tell why, but the knowledge that he (or she) could speak to me, even though I know him by nature taciturn, shrivels me into a mere bundle of nerves, and I cannot put brush to paper without a half-turn of the head to make certain of his silence. Such companions I have had in my time, of course; and always I have worked abominably till they were tired of watching, or perhaps tired of me. Street Arabs I can tolerate, and reckon their chatter little more than a dog's bark, and it may be I had thought of those when the Sinner made his request; also, I hardly expected him to come.

The other boy stood shaking himself, and humming my song. He was older, as I guessed, than the Sinner, and might have been thirteen. A big mouth, indefinite nose, and greenish eyes,—so much I noticed in the twilight then, and never was able to catch the same impression of him afterwards. And this is a curious matter; for an early impres-

sion (with me at least,—I know not how other folk may find it—) becomes so overlaid with after-thoughts and after-circumstances, that I have sometimes wondered whether in truth I saw and heard aright on first meeting, or whether I cosseted and developed my own fancies and rhythms into face or voice, gradually to eliminate and destroy them later. It may be so.

"I shall call you the Problem," said I to him, for he had not once glanced at my charcoal outline.

CHAPTER II.

MINE host's custom was to dine after sundown, whenever that might be. There is more in that notion than might appear; for there are not a few of my friends whom I am unable to gratify with my company, in summer weather at least, knowing that I must up and away into the house at half-past seven or go fasting to bed. That is an ungrateful custom truly, to draw blinds and light you a lamp when the sun is still warm and the world alive beyond the windows. For the light is the life to such as I am, and I will not sit by tallow and spermaceti when shutters are all that are between me and the sunshine.

But I was to speak of mine host. Whether because of the hard work he made in the daytime, or in obedience to habit and the click of his good lady's needles, he slept soundly after dining, and filled the house with the echoes of his sleeping. This I did not discover at first, until (I think on the third evening), after monstrous attempts at vigilance, he broke off a pronouncement on politics with a profound snore, and I turned to my book. On the following morning he wished, as I fancied, to beg my pardon, but of course I would none of that, and told him it had been my own intention

to retire early, but that I feared to show him discourtesy, which appeared to relieve his mind to an immense extent, though he can have had little opinion of my resolution afterwards, good soul, if he ever thought more about the matter. But presently he proposed that, if I liked the notion, I should spend an evening or so with his assistants, who, he thought, might amuse me. And I, willing to leave him in peace to dream after his dinner, proposed in reply that I should throw in my lot with these younger men after sundown, pleading irregularity in my times of going out and coming in (I might wish to catch an evening effect a score of miles away, and so on and so on), and thinking in this way the less to disturb his comfort. The upshot was that he agreed with me, as indeed I knew he must; and that same evening I was to visit the men in their own part of the house.

I had seen these two in the distance often, and had shaken hands with both, but as yet I had had little speech with them. One I guessed at forty or thereabouts; clean-shaven he was, except for a small growth of hair by his ears, which gave him to my mind the idea of a confidential family-servant. Also he rapped out an unmusical voice with something of a twang on certain syllables,—hardly an accent you could call it, but I had seen the other man shift uneasily on his chair once or twice when he was speaking. Him I named the Chief Butler, and as for the other, so little I made of him at our first meeting that insensibly he became the Other Man, without any more ado about it.

But besides these few impressions as to their characters I had little else to go upon, for I was busy now with a pair of sketches, one from my laburnum-tree and another sunny study of the place, taking a somewhat nearer view; so that I had seen

nothing, it might be said, of the general household, except the two young scamps who found me out on my first day at the school.

It seemed that mine host's school-boys were allowed to do much as they chose in play-hours, and as the Sinner was pleased to constitute himself a critic of my performances, the Problem followed him; though, beyond a desire to accompany the Sinner, I fancy he would not have cared greatly in what part of the grounds he spent his spare time, so long as he were allowed to ruminate undisturbed when he came there. He lay upon the grass, as a rule, in his favourite position with his chin on his hands, never speaking unless in answer to a question; and the Sinner stood motionless behind me, watching.

"To whom does the red-brick house in the valley belong?" I asked the Problem.

He looked at me keenly. "The one by the lake?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Red-brick?"

"Of course."

"Go on," said the Sinner.

"Well, it belongs to a lady."

"An old lady?" I asked.

"Not what you would call exactly old. No, not very old; I think she's twenty-one," said the Problem. Good heavens, I thought, and what, then, was I?

"They had a feast because she was twenty-one,—that's how he knows," interrupted the Sinner.

"Tell me more about her," I demanded; but just then the bell rang and the pair of them took to their heels, leaving the question unanswered. I wondered more than once after that if I had not already seen her walking by the waterside; and because I had no answer to what I asked, I fell to meditating on the necessities of a scholastic life, when

the long summer days must be chopped into hours and half-hours to regulate work and play. Little would that suit a man of moods like myself, nor to leave my bed by candlelight for that matter. Then suddenly an impulse seized me to stand for a time beneath the school-room windows and fancy myself a boy again, with an Algebra never to be found when wanted, and a dog-eared Cæsar's Commentaries. I could hear the Chief Butler in fine fettle, if I am a judge of a school-master's temper. In truth, I listened to the man as one listens to one's own tongue, hearing it for the first time after a month in a French village.

"Will you look at the board, boy, and not sit there telling me that a multiplied by b comes to $a + b$!"

Wretched man that I am, but I wondered what in the world was on the board!

"You sit there, making those stupid idiotic remarks, with that stupid idiotic grin, and you don't take the slightest trouble to think out the simplest things—the simplest things that any baby could tell you without thinking for a moment. Do think. You thought it was $a + b$? You've no business to think. Will you just try for one minute— ab , very well. Ab , ab ; now then, what does a multiplied by b come to?—What? Wait after school."

Inevitable ending! As I left that window, one thought rose insistent; verily, I would not be a schoolboy!

I wandered to another room and at first heard nothing, and then the voice of the Other Man. And as I left him, may the Academy hang me, but for worlds I would not have been a schoolmaster!

I took occasion in the evening to question the Chief Butler on his calling. He had asked me much of my own past life, and somewhat piqued me, perhaps, for I have no school or

college career to boast of. Little learning I possess, indeed, compared with the knowledge of these men with liberal educations, for I ran away from home at fifteen, and found my way to Glasgow, where I was potboy in an inn to tell the truth, and saved and scraped enough there to get me to Paris. True, there was one piece of book-learning for which I had an affection, the writings of the Latin poets; and I have always had a certain aptitude in making Latin verses. I used to amuse myself in the evenings—strange employment for a Glasgow potboy!—in turning my thoughts or reading into lyrics and elegiacs and so forth, and once was soundly cuffed by the barman, who accused me of aspiring to education at the University. Well I remember his puzzled face as he glanced over what I had written,—Greek to him, forsooth! But he lit his pipe with my ode to Lalage. Indeed, I never had a home, as the word is generally understood; only an uncle who paid my schooling, and thanked his stars, I fancy, when I left him. But not all this did I tell to the Chief Butler, though the Other Man and I came into confidence later, as I shall have to show.

"I commenced brushing at twenty-one," gave out the Chief Butler, and the Other Man shuddered. "I suppose that I know now pretty well all there is to be known about teaching mathematics to small boys. Twenty years is a long time, a very long time."

He would make this remark in a reflective tone, and the Other Man, who knew better than I what might be coming, twice prevented the continuance of his speech with a proffered whisky-bottle, which the Chief Butler refused. I did not understand this at the time, but learned afterwards that he had forsworn such

luxuries. Still, I wanted to know the Chief Butler's ideas on the larger views of life, and drew him to speak of them.

"Soon," he said, "I shall have saved enough to start a little place of my own." And he would go on to sketch his plans, which truly showed forethought enough for a Minister's Budget. He spoke drily and exactly, calculating for our benefit the smallest and most trivial expenses, laying out a hundred here and saving fifty there with admirable certainty and precision.

"You will need a wife to help you," I said once, for I found just then a curious fascination in listening to the monotonous voice figuring twenty years in advance.

At the word *wife* he looked at me. "Yes, I shall be married then," said he, and became reflective. The Other Man told me that before it had been suggested I should spend my evenings with these two, the Chief Butler used his time in filling sheets of paper with estimates and sums in addition. There was a large book bound in black leather which lay solitary in a locked drawer. In it, I was told, were copied out on the left-hand pages concise accounts of the probable expenditure of each year of this school-in-the-air, driven down to pence in places and everywhere in the exactest method. He had worked at it for years, it seemed, and indeed the only literature to be seen in the room was concerned with what might help him,—year-books of public schools, store-lists, agents' circulars bound in cloth, works on architecture and surveying, and I know not what else beside. At the end of each year's account, near the bottom of the page, was an estimated surplus, with notes as to its value if invested in safe but paying securities; there were calculations also of the amount

he would leave behind him, given that he died in such and such a year, and pages at the end of the book wherein he laid out at length imaginary wills and bequests, among which the Other Man had set eyes on the words *To my Wife*. The right-hand pages he had left blank, to chronicle there as the actual years went round his real expenditure. He was to retire at seventy, and his washing-bills were modest. Although, however, he would speak of the object of his life with freedom, yet this book he had shown to none; but once the Other Man, returning from a visit before he was expected, found his companion out and the book lying upon the table. He opened it, little thinking of the possibilities it contained, and not at first realising its meaning; and he asserted to me (there may be truth in this) that the Chief Butler would have shown the book to either of us, but for one thing,—he had taken into consideration the expenses of a family.

The mathematics of the matter were rehearsed to me, then, as a novice in such things. To the Other Man, of course, it was ancient history, and he would do his best to change the subject, the difficulty of doing so serving but to spur him to fresh endeavour. He had discovered, he told me (and indeed I have seen him succeed), an infallible method. He would stand before the fireplace and hold forth himself on any theme that took his fancy: he would make speeches for a lawyer, a condemned criminal, a politician, would recite, parody, invent; but always, nearly, with the same effect, the silence of the Chief Butler. He might, had he chosen, have left the man to add and subtract alone; but I fancy he took a certain pleasure in routing the enemy, and would steel himself to listen to the ledgers of the fourth year, for instance, until he

found an opportunity of breaking in with a flood of eloquence to crush his opponent. It was a kind of duel, and he took delight in calling his man out as often as might be. For the Other Man, as I could well understand, was of a nature entirely different. His room was littered with papers and books; of a careless habit, he seldom replaced the last he read in the place it came from, and a motley crew it was that strewed his table. Yet a certain air of comfort, born of deep arm-chairs and stray tobacco-jars, surrounded his belongings; and withal a curious sadness was about the man, which I never fathomed then, though I noticed that he seldom spoke to the schoolboys, or, if he did, he spoke gravely and in contrast to the ready laughter of the elder master, who joked with difficulty but often, insisting on his points. At all events, the younger man enjoyed not half the other's popularity.

But I was anxious to repeat to these the question I had earlier asked the Sinner and the Problem, small scoundrels who fled at the sound of a bell. "Whose is the red-brick house in the valley?" I asked.

"It belongs to one of the county families," answered the Chief Butler. "The old landlord was a great traveller, and spent most of his time on the continent. At present, of course—"

"Are you thinking of sketching the lake?" asked the Other Man.

"It was the old man who added the left wing," the Chief Butler went on. "I saw the estimates at the time; in fact, I think I may say that if I—"

"You had better get one of your small friends to take you there," interrupted the Other Man. "They're allowed a free run of the place, I believe,—some relations of hers. And the woods are worth a visit."

"Relations of hers,—of whose?" I asked.

There was a pause, and the Chief Butler spoke. "When the old man died, he left a daughter, quite young. And now—"

"She walks in beauty, like the night," interposed the Other Man. "My friend here—but there, he is wondering if I have quoted anything."

There was no doubt he was, and he changed the subject to one which afforded him surer ground for argument,—that of school-catering. The Other Man, I could see, was waiting his time,—he allowed his antagonist to take the field first; and I in turn waited for him, idly wondering what combination of circumstances had brought the men together. For the Other Man remained an enigma. I could see that he found no pleasure in the routine of his duties; he never intended, as I knew, to set the goal of headmastership before him, nor, so far as I saw then, had he any object to aim at whatsoever. Indeed, he had told me in so many words that, though he disliked this, he had no wish to adopt any other profession; but he went through his necessary duties in a matter-of-fact spirit, without ever grumbling, as did his companion, at petty annoyances and trivial hardships. He had a fine taste in literature, as I soon discovered, and was better read than I in many of the standard French writers; he had some notion of German too, but in that I could not test him. I understood that his career at Oxford had not, from his tutor's point of view, been all that it might have been. He had obtained an Honour degree, but his reading had been too cosmopolitan for the liking of the examiners, and he had attempted to translate at sight much which had occupied others two years in the understanding. He

had not, it seemed, adhered to any set course of study, but rather had pleased himself as to which books should lie on his shelves and which on the book-sellers'. And not only in his reading had he offended the authorities. To his mind, they had attempted to exercise over him a control and supervision little short of ridiculous, considering (as he would say) that he might not perhaps have come to Oxford a Solomon, but was not minded to leave it a schoolboy. Against the dons of his college he bore a resentment, none the less deep-seated because he seldom spoke of it without laughter. He seemed to have looked for sympathy in his own pursuits, and to have been met with no more than an enquiry as to matters of the towing-path, to have wished to discuss religious subjects with his tutor, and to have been stopped short with questions on his absence from chapel; and eventually his interviews with those set over him were confined to formal visits made necessary by notes delivered to him by the porter. He had been wont to dine in his lodgings, and to dress for a solitary dinner. For he was something of a *gourmet*, perhaps, and something of a dandy. I never saw him when he was not faultlessly dressed,—a matter which interested me, for there were few to notice it—and on the subject of undergraduates' dinners he was an authority. His opportunity of retaliation came, at the present juncture, when the Chief Butler had wandered rather farther afield than usual.

"At the 'Varsity"—I disliked this word, but certainly the other is a most unmanageable length for a man with no time to waste—"At the 'Varsity," said the Chief Butler, "they must have made a lot out of hall-dinners. Look at the figures of the business. Take a hundred-and-twenty-five men, round numbers, and make

your charge for dinner two shillings. Say that twenty have taken their names off hall at the buttery, and fine them sixpence a head for doing so; there's ten shillings clear profit. Say that five more have taken their names off in the same way, and have changed their minds and dined in college after all; charge them for their dinners, and fine them for changing their minds,—there's another half-crown. Then the others pay you £10 a night,—£10 12s. 6d. altogether—roughly speaking £75 a week. Now that sum, taking into consideration the kind of dinner provided —"

But the Other Man saw his opening and was off in pursuit of a glutton who penned a weekly article on eating for an evening paper. "Your soup," he declaimed with a marvellous play of countenance, "your soup, if indeed your appetite be Gargantuan, will steam before you, redolent of nothing in particular. So you be in an empiric mood, you will taste it, and ponder on the philosophy of Heraclitus. 'All is fire'—was not that it!—and this is a study in black and white, a symphony in pepper. Linger, that you lose not casual suggestion of cat—your waiter rescues you—and welcome an *entrée*. Fish after soup? That were a Rabelaisian excess. No, your *entrée* claims precedence, and presto, look, a whisk of pewter covers, and you have your choice, courtly *croquette* of unassuming sheep, or *rechauffé* of once clucking roost-champion. At such a crisis pause! The true artist's soul is stirred to its depths; a mistake, and Æsculapius will be your creditor. You hesitate? You are saved. There's quantity in those *croquettes*; turn rather to thick-rumped roysterer of the barn-yard, coy in traditional cloak of white sauce and grated beet. 'Tis a meal for an antiquarian—help your neighbour freely. And now—"

The Chief Butler, who was a good churchman, half rose, thinking the end near. But the Other Man, noticing the movement with the tail of his eye, waved a hand to deprecate interruption.

"And now, what consummation would you suggest? Heaven forbid an anti-climax! A serious matter, this; do you accept the responsibility? Well, then, you must choose between Norwegian blackcock, racy of peat, paint-pot, or what may be, and delicately scalded leg of mutton, to which the willing caper adds appropriate zest. Come, up with the dice! for there is a glint of tinned apricots refusing to be ignored. Without fear banish your black-game, cut your capers, and consider a sweet. Consider it, no more; and the end is really at hand. To dine wisely in hall, is not that to dine well at the Mitre afterwards?"

The Chief Butler sat perfectly silent. Presently he drew out his watch, wound it carefully, and went to bed. I too was silent for a short time; and then I asked the Other Man a question. "If you can talk like that—but why do you speak of the impossibility of entering any profession but this, for which you are not fitted, and which you hate?"

He did not reply immediately. "Does the prophet always desire honour—in his own country?" he asked slowly.

I did not understand the answer to that till some time later; but the puzzle he set me to guess was not the only result of that night's conversation, for I think it was on that evening that in consequence of my questions there first existed for me a Lady of the Lake. In any case, thought I, at the lake-side there was a chance of lining my pocket, for the colour of the trees in the water had caught my fancy, and once, I thought,

I had seen the Lady of the Lake guiding her punt among the swans.

CHAPTER III.

Now, because of the answers I had had from all I questioned on the subject of the red-brick house in the valley, I was occupied with an inextinguishable desire to walk by the lake myself, and perhaps gain a nearer sight of its Lady than was possible from under my laburnum-tree. The house was distant may be half-a-mile or so, in the lap of gently sloping hay-fields and hills where daffodils bloomed in April. But now the hedges were white with the fire of the may, and cuckoos called up from the lake and wood-peckers whistled, till I tuned them to a song bidding me down and look about me. And the larks were gone wild in the sky, and the wind that blew from the West was clean with the smell of rain and earth and primroses, and the sun shone in the lake and made it a mirror for me, and the life of the big world ran riot in my blood, as it must in the blood of all men in the month of May. In the night, too, when the woods were dark and dewy and the moon above all, I could hear the nightingales singing. Just a twitter and a twitter,—then a keening note, long-drawn and pure and sorrowful, and then a throbbing passion of singing that shook and thrilled up the hill to me, and I could not sleep for the mere joy of it all.

And once, when I had listened far into the night, the song of the nightingale was still in me the next morning as I painted,—aye, and for long after, till June and July had gone in a flame of roses, and an August sun lay heavy on the woods, while the birds sat quiet and small, their spring-anthems over and done with, and for

some the days drawing on for journeying and travel.

"Sinner," said I, "I want to see the Lady of the Lake." He did not understand, as I might have known, for I spoke out what I was thinking, and he knew little of that. "I want to paint the lake in the valley, where the red-brick house is, and to do that I must have permission."

"Oh, I'll take you," said he. "I know her; she's my aunt's cousin, and we go there sometimes; we haven't been since you came."

The Problem looked up. "He gets butterflies and things," he said. "I've been with him."

"We could go this afternoon. Would you like to?" asked the Sinner.

"Of course," I said. "It may not be fine to-morrow." Now the sky was cloudless, and the glass as high as I have seen it, and as a fact, it was fair weather for a month to follow; but there, who could know that?

The boys were off to beg leave of absence. This, I learnt afterwards, took the form of a direct petition from myself; thus are we misconstrued. "We knew we should be allowed to go, if we said that," explained the Sinner later. "You meant it, too, didn't you? Or was it only to amuse us?"

"He wanted to draw the lake," said the Problem. "He told you so;" which the Sinner took as a very good reason.

"I wonder if you'll fall in love with her," went on the Sinner. "Every one does, you know."

"Who is every one?"

"Oh, my aunt says every one does. At least, she said that once; and another time she said it was scandalous, and that she tried to make people fall in love with her,—every one, even if she didn't like them."

"Your aunt tried?"

The Sinner looked up at me surprised. "Oh no," he said seriously. "I shouldn't think any one could love my aunt; she's too thin, I should think."

"And she wears black cotton gloves," said the other, "and spectacles, and she has black hair,—at least, a little—and elastic side-boots, and a red point to her nose, and she always carries an umbrella and goloshes." When the Problem laid himself out to criticise an acquaintance he was certainly frank; but he made you see with his eyes, so to speak. It was not the kind of criticism I had learnt to expect from the Chief Butler, for instance; whenever that man set epithet to man or woman, I found myself instinctively defending and suggesting, and must pick out possibly good points for a contrast. He had a curious trick of provoking opposition, and often enough I knew nothing of those he might be abusing, but they were my friends so soon as he spoke of them.

"But you, how did you hear all this about your aunt's cousin?" I asked.

"She didn't mean me to hear," he said reflectively. "I was under the sofa, you see."

"Under the sofa?"

"Yes. I had a ferret, you know, and I thought perhaps it would find rats and things if I took it round the house; and in the drawing-room the string got caught on the sofa-leg, so I had to go under it to undo the string; and then my aunt came into the room with a lady, and they talked a long time, and I had to keep still."

"And the ferret?"

"Well, that was how it was. It came out, because I couldn't catch it in time, and I saw it put up its

nose to look at my aunt, and then she screamed and jumped off the sofa, and so they knew it was me, after that."

"You deserved a beating that time, Sinner."

"Of course I wasn't very big, then," he answered. "Now I just run away, you know. But she didn't say much at the time, only I had to go to bed. I had to say I was sorry afterwards, too. If I had thought, it would have been better to have said so when she came up to my room; but, you see, she took my ferret away, so I wasn't."

I pondered a little on this dire relative of the Sinner. A week or so after this I met her, and changed my opinion of her somewhat; but I found that I could have drawn a portrait of her from the Problem's description.

We were walking along the edge of a nut-copse, and I was about to ask some further question on the subject of this Gorgon of an aunt, when both boys darted from my side in pursuit of a small butterfly. The Problem, after various wild sweeps with his net, to the imminent peril of my hat in which the insect appeared to find a peculiar attraction, at last caught it, and flung himself down on the grass, net and all, to examine.

"It's a Green Hairstreak," he reported. The Sinner gave a short cry of delight, and I stood watching the two, their heads close together, engaged in placing the creature in an infernal-looking bottle. They gazed at it with the utmost affection and joy as it fluttered wildly under the cork, laid its little brown wings together, and presently was quite still, the moon-green on its underwings gleaming through the glass. I reflected on the strange mixture of instincts stretched on the ground

before me,—small bodies alert with life and happiness and love for their fellow-creatures, who yet could look with the greatest interest on the dying struggles of a little insect, rejoicing in the certainty of power and possession. But the tiny bright wings soon lay in a cork-lined box for a coffin, and a pin fastened them motionless; while the common white butterflies danced by over the hill and up again into the sun, like the happy unheeded nobodies they were.

Down the wood-path we went, and the cuckoos flirled out their notes from the tree-tops, and sat on the oaks and made echoes for us. And there in the middle of the water, throwing bread to her swans, stood the Lady of the Lake in her punt among the lilies: one hand she kept to her pole, but carelessly, so that she drifted; and with the other she scattered morsels of bread like a snow-shower, while the big white birds put down their long necks and lifted them again, oaring themselves leisurely and with swelling ripples under their breasts. Then the Sinner went down to the reeds and called to her, and she looked up and saw us, and I could hear the water drip from her pole as she poised herself to send it down deep. She came to us, the waves lapping in the shadow of the curved wood with sounds that quickened and died again as the punt started and slid over the water.

On my honour, until the reeds bent and rustled by the bank, and the Sinner and the Problem busied themselves with a chain and a spike, I had not thought what I should say to her. The Problem saved me the trouble of thinking. He waved a hand in my direction. "We've come," he said. "He wanted to see you."

She looked at him as he lifted his face to speak to her, and he returned

her gaze with unquestioning directness, as if in all the world it were the most natural and proper introduction possible. Then she turned her eyes upon me; and perhaps it was what she saw there (for if ever a poor painter made a sorry show of consternation, I did then), that made her lips twitch and the dimples dance at the corners, and her eyes the while glanced from him to me and back again, till she broke into the merriest peal of laughter, and I perforce with her.

"I hope that is true, at all events," said she.

"I ought to explain," I began. "I am a painter, and your beautiful lake attracted me, and —"

"Oh come," she said, stepping out of her punt, "is another explanation necessary? I do not so often get at the truth of things, as to need to shut the lid of the well when I have found it." Her eyes still darkened and lightened with laughter, and she laid a hand on the Sinner's shoulder. "This boy is a cousin of mine; he's not a bad boy in his way, but he's usually in other people's way too. Aren't you?" she added. The Sinner stood quite still, but his gaze was concentrated on a patch of flowers I could see at a corner where some golden-brown butterflies flaunted. He reminded me of a puppy on a chain, with a cat out of his reach; he knew that the hand prohibited an instant escape to the chase. "He's longing now to be off and after those fritillaries." The Sinner looked up at her. "Yes, the fritillaries are out. I thought you would have come to see before. There, now run and be happy." She watched the small stalwart legs carry the owner apace to the corner with an approving smile. "Now this boy," she went on, "doesn't run away like that; he is quite different. When they come

down here, he walks about with me, and doesn't bother about the poor butterflies." The Problem glanced at me, and I thought of the Green Hair-streak. "But there," she added, "you will be longing to get to work on the lake; I oughtn't to have kept you so long. It is pretty, isn't it? I spend quite a large amount of time in my punt,—perhaps the boys told you? Are you staying at the school?" she went on, without waiting for a reply. "And you have made friends with my boys, it seems? Then I must have a rival; I thought I was the only person honoured. I call them my boys, you see; but I haven't seen them for a long time, and we are going to have great fun this afternoon. You, of course, will be wanting to paint, so we'll leave you and perhaps come back to criticise." And without a word more she was off with a merry nod over her shoulder, and the Problem, not even glancing at me this time, with her.

Here was a pretty state of things! I had not spoken a dozen words to her and there she left me for the afternoon to make a picture of her lake, and she away with those little ragamuffins picking flowers and catching butterflies. For I watched her to the corner of the path, and before she turned the wood's edge she had raced the Problem for a clump of primroses, caught him away as he began to pick them, and put three in his buttonhole. I could see her pull a pin from her coat to fasten them prettily; and then they were round the corner and I saw no more of them.

I went slowly up the path in the opposite direction. At least, thought I, am I not company enough for myself, needing but brush and box and paper! And at length I picked a spot where the sun shone slantwise on the water through a net of beech-leaves, and set myself to paint the

calling of the cuckoos into my picture. I could hear beyond the wood the sound and an echo of laughter, and more than once I caught myself with my brush wet with a wash, having forgotten the colour of it. No mood this for a poor painter with a doctor's bill to pay, and I laid my sable about me with some effect, as I thought then. But there was little of the laughter to be heard after a while, because of the cuckoos; and I fell to wondering whether it was not, after all, the associations and memories of the season that set their note to a pleasant tune rather than the actual melody of it, finding a certain monotony in the cadences. Perhaps I was a couple of hours at the picture, and the cuckoos called all the time.

All at once I found that I was not painting at all. No, my brush had dried to a stiff point in the sun, and the paper held little but a dull-tinted wash of water and a grey-blue sky and the colours of the trees. My sakes, thought I, but here's a recommendation for another visit! And I listened before I began again whether there were voices near me, or whether I should have time to turn a respectable amount of white paper a better colour before they were back to me again. And then there was a faint rustle and a hush behind me, and I turned, and there were the Lady of the Lake and the Sinner and the Problem watching me.

The Sinner was jubilant. "Didn't you hear us come? We've been here ever so long, and you haven't been doing anything but stare at the sky." He came nearer to inspect. "Why, you've hardly painted at all."

Then came another voice. "Did you find it hard to choose the place?" asked she mischievously, and set her head on one side to criticise. "No

one has ever yet actually been drowned in the lake," she added in a melancholy tone. I looked at my easel; verily, it was gloomy water.

"We've had such fun," went on the Sinner, "all of us. We got tired of looking for butterflies, so we took off our shoes and stockings and went and paddled in the brook and tried to catch the trout. She drove them down to us and I nearly caught one, only it was a minnow. We've got awfully wet." This seemed to afford him immense joy. "The brook's quite shallow, you know, and there are simply millions of fishes. *She's* got wet, too," he added, nodding.

The Lady of the Lake had, I fancied, started a little at the Sinner's open relation of her doings. Then she laughed, a subdued little chuckle. "Evidently they don't mind what they tell you," said she. "They treat me like a boy, too. Indeed, if I were to see much more of them—when shall you finish that picture?" she broke off abruptly.

I said that I thought I should not continue it; and then I made haste to say that I wished to try another from a different point of view, taking in the house. She looked at the boys and commented on the wetness of them.

"If we catch cold, you will too," said the Sinner; and at that she pretended to shiver and took out her watch.

"Come, we had better be going," said I. And as I shook hands with her she must have seen the ill-humour in my eyes, for she turned with a laugh to the Problem and told him to take care of his nosegay and to remember who gave it him. And she kissed the Sinner and was round the corner of the house before I realised that I had not obtained permission to paint a better picture.

(To be continued.)

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY.

III. RICHARD THE THIRD.

IN the study of such a wildly extravagant age as the fifteenth century one is constantly brought face to face with characters and events so egregious and so abnormal that, at a distance of four hundred years, it is almost impossible to give them credence. We may have contemporary or nearly contemporary evidence in support of the wild stories of the time, but even that is not sufficient to convince us that at some few periods in the world's history, and those not the lowest in point of culture and general civilisation, men have utterly belied their nature and continually outraged laws obedience to which is almost instinctive. It is urged that the wickedness of the time must have been exaggerated, that the writers who record it were clearly influenced by party-spirit or personal feeling, and that we are therefore bound to give a charitable interpretation to the events recorded. Still the tradition remains and records support tradition. For the violent lawlessness of England in the fifteenth century we have such evidence in contemporary chronicles, and in those traditions which writers of the highest character in the next age have handed down, that it is impossible to deny the substantial truth of their account. And indeed, when we consider the period as a whole and call to mind the long story of treachery, oppression, feebleness, and slaughter which led up to the last few years of horror and murder wherein Richard of Gloucester moves like a thing accursed,

we can understand that men had gone mad, that they had almost lost their humanity, and that they cannot be judged by the standard of other ages.

Many attempts have been made at different times to overthrow the traditional view of the character of Richard the Third. Shakespeare's treatment of his character is at first sight so singularly inartistic and so wildly improbable that men have been repelled from it; they have sifted the evidence for his crimes and have found, as they thought, that for most of them there is only the evidence of tradition, whereas the better side of his character has been completely ignored. Thrown thus violently on the side of Richard, whom they conceive to have been so maligned, they reconstruct the story of the times in his favour, presenting him as a tyrant indeed and unscrupulous, but full of virtuous impulses and merciful intentions. Thus they reject Sir Thomas More, Shakespeare, and the rest, either as being influenced by Tudor prejudices, or unwilling to doubt a story which lent itself so well to the purposes of a dramatic historian. With regard to Shakespeare also it has been suggested that the Elizabethan dramatists were, through their study of the Italian drama, infected with a certain morbid love of evil men and cruel stories as the material for their plays; hence came such plays as *TITUS ANDRONICUS* and *THE DUCHESS OF MALFI*, and hence also the character which Shakespeare ascribes to Richard the Third.

It is perhaps as well to begin by saying plainly that Shakespeare's Richard cannot be considered a strictly historical portrait. To the most superficial view it is clear that the historical plays differ from each other not only in the amount of accuracy which they attain but in the care expended to attain it. This of course corresponds to the difference in the motive of the several plays. It is quite common to hear Shakespeare's historical plays spoken of as a mere dramatised chronicle; but such criticism is trivial and inaccurate. The fact is that each separate play, or, in two cases, group of plays, was written with a separate and distinct object. Thus *KING JOHN* is essentially a moral study, the story of a conscience; historical accuracy is not here of the highest importance. *RICHARD THE SECOND*, like *HAMLET*, is an almost minutely careful analysis of a very peculiar character; here the historical setting is of greater importance because of the influence which actual circumstances exercised upon the king's character. The three plays in which the tale of Henry the Fifth's life is told are, likewise, in their principal aspect the story of the development of a man's character, but of a less subtle, stronger, more independent character, the treatment of which is naturally less delicate and follows broader lines; nevertheless the historical side of these plays is still important and their accuracy in the main outlines undeniable.

What then of the three parts of *HENRY THE SIXTH* and of *RICHARD THE THIRD*? All these four plays are remarkable for considerable historical inaccuracy in their details, and Richard of Gloucester, who is really the protagonist in the third part of *HENRY THE SIXTH* as well as in *RICHARD THE THIRD*, is a creature of such Titanic wickedness that we can-

not believe that Shakespeare intended it to be taken as an accurate portrait of the real man.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear,
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me
of;

For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs
forward:

Had I not reason, think ye, to make
haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our
right?

The midwife wonder'd and the women
cried

"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with
teeth!"

And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play
the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shaped
my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to
answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no
brother;

And this word "love," which grey-
beards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another
And not in me: I am myself alone.

(*III. HENRY THE SIXTH*, 5, vi.)

Some recent critics have maintained that the first part of *HENRY THE SIXTH* is not by Shakespeare at all, but by some friend or pupil; and the play is, both historically and artistically, so inferior that one would willingly believe it. But take the four plays, and more especially the last two, the third part of *HENRY THE SIXTH* and *RICHARD THE THIRD*, and consider what can have been Shakespeare's motive in casting into dramatic form such a chronicle of crime without a single attractive character to relieve its gloomy monotony. The question is difficult; but I believe that his object was sufficiently simple. He wished to present in the boldest outlines and the simplest form the tragic story of the Wars of the Roses. Now in that chaotic struggle the two factions were so confused, men's

motives and actions so uncertain, that modern research cannot be said even now to have arrived at a really satisfactory account of the period. It is then no matter for surprise if Shakespeare's dramatic version is full of inaccuracies. The question then remains, how far these plays may be taken as a true picture of the strife of parties in these wars; and next, if the men of that time were such as Shakespeare has depicted them, what possible explanation there may be for such a departure from the normal in that particular generation.

Ever since the deposition of Richard the Second,—perhaps from before that event, but the deposition is a convenient landmark—England had been in a state of unrest. Henry the Fourth was never really secure on his throne; the rebellions of the Percies were a real danger to him, and during their latter stages we may see the beginning of the Yorkist Party. The Lollard risings in this and the succeeding reign were more dangerous than they have usually been considered, especially as the Lollard doctrines appear to have contained a political programme of a somewhat extreme democratic nature. At the beginning of his reign Henry the Fifth was threatened by a formidable Yorkist conspiracy, and his freedom from domestic disturbances during the rest of his life was entirely due to his successful war with France. So soon, therefore, as his strong hand was removed, and so soon as the English arms in France became less prosperous, civil disturbance was inevitable.

The quarrels of Cardinal Beaufort and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, were, as has often been said, the beginning of that ministerial struggle, which was the first phase of the Wars of the Roses. It is beside the question to give here even the barest outline of that struggle; I would merely

suggest that the nature of the strife and the manner in which it was conducted were eminently calculated to produce such characters and such actions as Shakespeare describes in *HENRY THE SIXTH* and *RICHARD THE THIRD*. On the one side was a large party of the nobility, thoroughly disgusted with the misgovernment at home and the ill success of the English armies in France, who were willing to try the effect of a change in the dynasty and who hoped to better their own fortunes in the process. On the other side was the party led by Queen Margaret of Anjou, who felt that their own interests were bound up with the maintenance of the Lancastrians in power. But it must be observed that on either side were many who had no real preference for York or Lancaster, and who were always willing to join the winning party, or the party from whom at any given moment they appeared likely to gain most. Hence the constant treachery and desertion which is one of the chief characteristics of this war, and hence also the savage cruelty shown to the vanquished; for, while the leaders hated each other on personal and political grounds, desertion often provoked the desire for revenge on lesser captives. Thus there is nothing unhistorical in the cruelty and treachery of the characters in these plays.

Can however the crudeness of the plays be defended, the absence of relief from the gloomy nature of the action? Above all, can Shakespeare's conception of Richard himself be supported?

As to the crudeness of the plays and the absence of relief, I would suggest that the former quality was intentional and the latter inevitable. Shakespeare had it in his mind to commemorate the madness of a nation, the madness, at least, of its

ruling classes, a madness shown in bloody and treacherous deeds, a description of which is only tolerable if it be bare, classical, and unadorned. Such a picture must be painted in broad masses of crude colour, such a story must be told plainly, simply, unrelentingly; the pathos, if pathos there be, must be kept in the background; nothing must distract the eye from the terrible actors going to their doom.

And the absence of relief is inevitable; can we imagine the scene between Richard the Second's queen and the gardener transferred to these plays? No such gentle, child-like character is admissible; rather we have Margaret of Anjou raging like a Fury against her enemies, and, when she has been overthrown by them, haunting them and exulting in their overthrow. To the old Duchess of York she cries:

Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd
my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my
Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because
both they
Match not the high perfection of my
loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my
Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers,
Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky
graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither: but at hand,
at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar,
saints pray,
To have him suddenly conveyed away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is
dead!

(RICHARD THE THIRD, 4, iv.)

And for pathos we have the scene in which Henry the Sixth, after moralising on the miseries of kingship, is himself the spectator of a son's grief for the father he has killed and a father's grief for his son. This scene, indeed, may be taken as the epitome of the Wars of the Roses as Shakespeare conceived them; a contest for no principle, a strife in which closest kinsmen and dearest friends are forced to seek each others' lives, while the King, the unwilling cause of all this misery, sits and watches in tears. Containing as it does some of the finest lines in these plays, it is perhaps worth while to quote this scene in part. King Henry mourns his fate with more pathos, if less subtlety, than Richard the Second.

Would I were dead! if God's good will
were so;
For what is in this world but grief and
woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by
point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they
run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may
live.

(III. HENRY THE SIXTH, 2, v.)

Then come the deaths of a father at his son's hands and of a son at his father's, and the King and the unwilling murderers lament their unhappiness alternately.

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more
than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthless
deeds!
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his
face,
The fatal colour of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well
resembles;

The other his pale cheeks, methinks,
presenteth:

Wither one rose, and let the other
flourish;

If you contend, a thousand lives must
wither.

Son. How will my mother for a
father's death

Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

Father. How will my wife for
slaughter of my son

Shed seas of tears and ne'er be
satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country for
these woful chances

Misthink the king and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's
death?

Father. Was ever father so be-
moan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved
for subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine ten times
so much.

(III. HENRY THE SIXTH, 2, v.)

Lastly, granting the historical truth,
the artistic fitness of the setting, is
it possible still further to maintain
that Shakespeare's conception of the
central figure is in any sense his-
torical and, supposing it to be his-
torical, is such a character a fit subject
for artistic treatment?

Mr. James Gairdner, the most
distinguished of the modern bio-
graphers of Richard the Third, has
told us that, influenced by Walpole's
HISTORIC DOUBTS, he was for years
under the impression that the tradi-
tional view of Richard's character
was incorrect and unjust; after the
study of the original authorities,
however, he became convinced that
the portrait of Shakespeare and Sir
Thomas More is in its main outlines
a true one. It is unnecessary to
repeat here the cogent arguments
which Mr. Gairdner brings forward
in favour of his view. Suffice it to
say that of all the crimes which tradi-
tion has ascribed to Richard, for
some there is good evidence, for all,
taken separately, strong probability,
while against no single crime can any

weight of evidence or improbability
be brought. It is, then, only when
taken in the mass that this king's
wickedness becomes incredible; and,
even when thus viewed, it is less
difficult to believe, when we remember
that More and Shakespeare have
suppressed the better side of Richard's
character, so that we have after all to
deal with a mixed nature, in which
the bad element was certainly unusu-
ally excessive, but which was not for
that reason wholly abominable.

Apart from the disorder of the
time in which he lived,—a time
particularly likely to produce mon-
strous and abnormal characters,—
the circumstances of Richard's own
youth were such as to check every
merciful impulse in him and encourage
his tendencies to cruelty and ambition.
There seems little doubt that he was
physically weak and deformed, though
later ages probably exaggerated his
deformity to match the tradition of
his crimes.

I, that am curtail'd of this fair
proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling
nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my
time
Into this breathing world, scarce half
made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by
them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of
peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on my own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a
lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken
days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these
days.

(RICHARD THE THIRD, 1, i.)

Being thus physically disabled but
possessing a passionate nature and
great intellectual powers, it was not

unnatural that his disposition became soured, while his disadvantages provoked and stimulated his political ambition. As he himself says :

Then, since this earth affords no joy
to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear
such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon
the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this
world but hell,
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears
this head
Be round impaled with a glorious
crown.

(III. HENRY THE SIXTH, 3, i.)

Starting, then, with a nature thus embittered and almost frantically ambitious, the cruel element in his character would be still further irritated by the wrongs of his house. There is little to choose between the two parties in respect of their conduct to vanquished enemies ; each vied with the other in deeds of savagery. But Clifford's murder of the Earl of Rutland (which appears to be authentic, though Shakespeare is wrong in making him the youngest of the sons of York), and the murder of the Duke of York himself by Margaret and Clifford with every cruel circumstance which a horrible ingenuity could suggest, are among the worst of the crimes with which either party can be charged. The murder of Prince Edward of Lancaster by the three York brothers, and of King Henry by Richard, may be in some degree attributed to revenge and political necessity.

But what of the rest of his crimes for which not even this excuse can be made? It might be possible to maintain that he was cursed with blood-madness, a form of lust which some writers have thought they found traces of among the tyrants

of medieval Italy, that he was a wild beast by nature and that, having once tasted blood, he was never satisfied except when he was killing. I do not, however, believe that Richard was by nature cruel, not at least that he found pleasure in cruel deeds. He was utterly unscrupulous in the attainment of his ends, though strangely scrupulous in his conduct when his ends were once attained ; for example, he allowed stories to be circulated against his mother's honour in order to assist his claim to the crown, and yet in his own conduct towards her he was always remarkably respectful and affectionate. He was merciless to individuals who stood in his way ; yet as king he showed a real desire to rule for the benefit of the people and to remove some of the heavy burdens which Edward the Fourth had laid upon them.

The truth I believe to be that, starting with an overmastering ambition for that which was almost unattainable, he found himself compelled to commit murder after murder, while assuming a most revolting hypocrisy, in order to reach the end which he had set for himself.

And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with
the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the
way ;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English
crown :

And from that torment I will free
myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.

(III. HENRY THE SIXTH, 3, ii.)

The attainder of Clarence and the murder of the Princes he must have plotted from the first. The former of these two crimes he probably achieved by working on King

Edward's suspicions, never entirely laid to rest after Clarence's treachery with Warwick, and by hinting at the danger involved in Clarence's knowledge of Edward's early marriage to Lady Eleanor Butler, a story which he afterwards made use of in preparing the way for his own seizure of the crown. The mystery about the murder of the Princes has never been wholly cleared up, but there is little doubt that Shakespeare's account of it is substantially true.

These, then, were crimes which he must have always anticipated; so also was the murder of the Woodville relatives of the two Princes, who undoubtedly would have hindered his designs. But he did not stop here; having advanced so far he was compelled to have recourse to further violence in order to secure himself in a position to which he had no right. He was, moreover, full of suspicion and haunted by the fear lest others should prove as treacherous as himself. This accounts for such acts as the execution of Hastings and his scheme to marry Edward the Fourth's daughter, Elizabeth, even during the life-time of his own wife.

At his best, then, Richard the Third was a traitor, a murderer, a tyrant, and a hypocrite, and one wonders what there can have been in such a character which could gain for him the affection of some at least of his contemporaries and inspire later writers with the desire to defend his memory. That he could persuade Anne Neville, whose husband he had helped to murder, to marry him, that he could win and retain the affection not only of such men as Hastings and Buckingham, but also of the citizens of York and the people on the Yorkist lands in that neighbourhood, that he could win over Elizabeth Woodville,

the mother of the murdered Princes, to a scheme for his marriage to her daughter or, as some say, to herself,—all these facts argue a power of attraction which is not visible in Shakespeare's portrait of him, for all that he mentions the facts themselves.

What was the secret of this attraction? It must have been, I think, this, that Richard of Gloucester was the strongest man of his age. An abler statesman than his brother Edward and very little inferior to him in military skill, his self-command gave him a control over men and events which Edward never could reach. As brave as Warwick and intellectually far his superior, he showed great skill in taking the place which Warwick's death had left vacant and putting himself at the head of the old nobles against the influence of the Queen's relatives. To this alliance alone he owed his crown; without Buckingham's aid his unscrupulous cunning would have been useless. Had not the daring of his wickedness exceeded all proportion, he would have been as great if not greater than Louis the Eleventh, for the task he had set himself was fully as hard as the French king's. But such prodigality of crime becomes even in a strong man weakness and, from a purely cynical point of view, can only be excused by the impossibility of the goal he was seeking. In any case Richard of Gloucester is a less detestable figure than Louis the Eleventh, for, though we may hate and fear him, he is not the object of a contempt which forbids pity.

Was Shakespeare then justified in ignoring the better side of Richard's nature and thus intensifying the blackness of his character? And again is such a character a fit subject for artistic treatment?

It is abundantly clear that, as in the actual events, so in Shakespeare's

account of them the last few years of the life of Richard of Gloucester form a climax, a period into which all the evils of the preceding years are crowded. I have already maintained that the bare, grim, crude nature of Shakespeare's story of the Wars of the Roses is intentional and appropriate. His picture of Richard the Third is the natural sequel. Even if we were forced to grant that the fabric he has built is founded on an assumption that a wholly bad character is possible, the logical results are so well worked out that the impossible becomes plausible. In the closing scenes of that awful drama, in the story of its climax he could not have drawn in uncertain outlines the man whom he clearly regarded as the embodiment of all the evils of the time. He could not afford to be tender with Richard's character; he was bound to make the climax of such a story monstrous, if he was to avoid a bathos. After that grim frieze of murderous scenes in high relief he could not fill the last panel with an accurate portrait, giving each feature its due and forbearing to emphasise the sternness of the face.

And for some few even unqualified evil comes within the sphere of their art. Shakespeare's Richard the Third and Milton's Satan have an atmosphere of their own; they are laws to themselves, above and beyond the reach of the law of probability. But they may not be imitated; the character of Cenci is revolting, unnatural, impossible.

And after all there is an admirable grandeur, a pathetic loneliness both in Richard the Third and Satan. His fierce bravery in battle even in boyhood was such as to win the admiration of his father; and at least he died like a hero. After a night of terrible dreams, having seen the ghosts of all

his victims, he feels that the curse of his relentless ambition has made him hated and utterly alone.

All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty!
guilty!

I shall despair. There is no creature
loves me;

And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that
I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had
murder'd

Came to my tent; and everyone did
threat

To-morrow's vengeance on the head of
Richard.

(RICHARD THE THIRD, 5, iii.)

Thus desperate, thus left alone,
deserted by half his forces in the
battle, he could not be persuaded to
fly.

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the
field;

Five I have slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a
horse!

(RICHARD THE THIRD, 5, iv.)

Such a death was at least better than that of Louis the Eleventh, shut up alone in the castle of Plessis, surrounded by endless fortifications, protected by hosts of guards, and seeking vainly to prolong his life with spells, charms, relics, masses, and incantations. Richard of Gloucester died, as he had lived, fighting. Like others cursed with a deformed mind or body, he was a gambler, and the stakes for which he played were so high that his life was not too dear a forfeit on his failure. But he had played with courage and skill, and, though he failed, he failed so nobly as almost to atone for his previous success.

J. L. ETTY.

THE EVOLUTION OF A WHEAT CROP.

It is necessary to know the Canadian prairie in all its varying moods before one learns to appreciate it as it deserves. To the casual observer, whirled from ocean to ocean by the expresses of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, the wide levels of rich alluvial soil, which run westwards from the dwindling pinewoods and willow-beds east of Winnipeg, appear for the most part a dreary wilderness. In winter this is a frozen waste with streaks of white haze driving across it before each bitter blast, and a monotony of withered grass in summer, when the drifts are calcined earth and stinging alkali. Unattractive wooden towns, flanked by gaunt elevators and sometimes whitewashed stockyards, rise, naked and unadorned, beside the straight-ruled line of rails, and in their streets the deep mud of early spring, changing to blinding dust, lies ankle-deep until the snow covers it again.

At first sight it is all, in Western parlance, a hard country, but a good one for the strong for, unlike the languid Tropics, the prairie improves as one views it closer. Instead of weakening under sweltering heat, or sinking into sensual idleness, its inhabitants develop the sterner attributes of untiring energy, endurance, and resourcefulness, which are all required by the Western wheat-grower. Still, there is another and a softer side, and this was especially manifest at Fairmead.

Fairmead, in Assiniboia, deserved its name, for after the bare sweep of Manitoban plain there was a grateful softness about its swelling undula-

tions and willow-groves shrouding deep ravines, while, walling off the waste of prairie like a rampart, a thick bluff of wind-dwarfed birches stretched on either side. Here, for a few weeks in spring, it was possible to fancy one's self in England; then the resemblance faded and it was part of the Dominion again. The frost had vanished from the surface of the land, though it still lurked a foot or two beneath, while here and there a flush of green crept across the withered sod, when I visited Fairmead to assist in the spring-ploughing. Two young Englishmen, of good up-bringing, owned it then, and as they were staking their all on the weather that season it was, said my partner, everyone's clear duty to assist them. They had invested in all some £400 in three hundred and twenty acres of virgin soil, and after painfully breaking it and losing several crops, had now sunk their last dollar in seed-wheat and implements.

A rush of warm breeze from the Pacific, which had crossed the snow-barred Rocky Mountains unchilled, set the dry grasses rippling, and long wisps of cloud drove swiftly across the luminous blue. This, and the blackness of ashes among the burned stubble, was all that broke the harmonious colouring of white and grey. Not being a skilful teamster I had brought oxen, and waited beside them while Hunter (my host) and his half-tamed horses reeled round and round together amid a tangle of harness which they seemed determined he should not put on, until at last

he conquered, and we were ready to begin. Then he leaned breathless for a moment on the plough-stilts, a typical son, by adoption, of the prairie.

The long skin-coat and fur cap had been replaced by loose blue overalls and a broad felt hat, while the laughing face had been bronzed to the colour of coffee by the blink of snow under the clear winter sun. In spite of the coarse garments the pose was statuesque, for the swell of hardened muscles, the clear eyes, and darkened skin told of perfect health; and when he hailed me to break the first clod the voice had an exultant ring. For several years this man had toiled far harder than any British field-labourer in the calling he had voluntarily chosen; but instead of adding coarseness the work had rather refined him. Now he was entrusting all that remained of his younger son's portion to the black soil, which had twice before taken his seed-wheat and returned him only frozen grain.

I called to the oxen, and the big, slow-moving beasts settled their shoulders against the collar, as with a sharp crackling the half-burned stubble went down before the share. Straw cannot be sold in that region, so little is cut with the ear, and the tall stalks are burned off the first warm day in spring. Pale flowers, like a purple crocus, were crushed by the hoofs, and rich black clods curled in long waves from the mouldboard's slide, while amid good-humoured banter two fiery teams came up and passed. The plough-ox is slow, if not always sure, but he learns by experience, which the horse does not; and presently it was my turn for a laugh, when the foremost plough brought up with a shock upon soil still frozen beneath the surface. The beasts, stung by the jar of the collar, tried to bolt; the plough first

tilted, then fell over on its side, with one of the horses fouled in the traces rolling beside it, while the other strove to rear upright. Hunter, however, was used to this, and, or so I fancied, even that unruly team realised that he had an affection for them. With soothing words and much patience he set matters right, and when I was half a furrow ahead began again. A partly broken horse is a difficult beast to handle, and it is not wise for a stranger to meddle with a frightened team. "Keep off," said Hunter, declining my assistance. "They're a little excited now, and might take a fancy to kicking the life out of you."

At the end of the next long furrow there was a temptation to halt, for silvery birches drooped their lace-like twigs over the ploughing, and I could see jack-rabbits, still wearing their white winter robes, scurrying through the shadows of the bluff, while a flight of duck came flashing down wind athwart the trunks to descend with a splash upon a lake the slow creek had formed in the hollow. Summer in that land, however, is all too short for the work that must be done in it, and swinging the plough I resolutely started another furrow. Then there followed an exasperating interlude, for the oxen thoroughly understand that it hurts them to run the share against frost-bound soil, and when the draught increased in stiffer land they came to a dead halt. Nothing would persuade them to advance a step, and when I plied the long wand the cautious veteran, President, quietly lay down.

"You'll lose your temper long before you convince an ox," said a laughing voice. "Let them have their own way. Pull out and go round;" and in that way the matter was settled. With several such interruptions the ploughing went on while the perspiration dripped from our faces, for on the prairie warm

spring comes as suddenly as the winter goes. And while we worked, the air vibrated to the beat of tired wings as, in skeins, wedges, and crescents, ducks, geese, cranes, among other wild fowl, passed on their long journey to the untrodden marshes beside the Polar Sea. Many of them halted to rest, and every creek and *sloo* (a pond formed by melting snow) was dotted black and grey with their gladly-folded pinions. In another few days they would be empty again, we knew, and remain so until, with the first chills of winter, every bird of passage came south to follow the sun.

At noon there was a longer rest than we needed, because in that invigorating atmosphere a healthy man can out-tire his team, and we lounged in the log-built dwelling over an ample meal. It was a primitive erection of two storeys caulked with moss and loam, but it had cost its owners much hard labour; sawn lumber is out of the question for the poor man, while birch-logs fit for building are difficult to find. Neither was the meal luxurious; reisty pork, fried potatoes, doughy flapjacks, and the universal compound of glucose and essences known as *drips*. Still, on the prairie a man can not only live but thrive on any food. Then it was time to hunt the oxen out of a *sloo*, where they stood with their usual persistency until their unfortunate driver waded in with a pike.

Then the work began again, and the burnished clods stretched further and further into the stubble. A British ploughman would not have approved, but Hunter cared little that the furrows were curiously serpentine; that was perhaps the richest wheat-soil in the world, and had been waiting for centuries to yield up its latent wealth. Every minute was of value, for autumn frosts follow hard upon

the brief northern summer, and the grain must be ripened before they set in. So, while the shadows of the bluff lengthened across the grey white plain the ceaseless crackle of stubble, tramp of labouring hoofs, and shearing slide of greasy clods, went on until, long after the red sun dipped, a dimness blurred the narrowing horizon and the night closed gradually in. Then, tired but satisfied, we fed the weary beasts, and after the evening meal sat beside the twinkling stove in the snug room, while outside the stars burned down through crystalline depths of indigo, and under a dead cold silence the grasses grew resplendent with frostwork filigree. The elder Hunter had a taste for music and natural history, as a result of which gorgeous moths were pinned under the trophies of skins and oat-heads on the wall, while a battered piano (of all things), which had suffered from a trying journey, stood among the baked clods we had brought in from the ploughing.

His brother's voice was excellent, and while they sang songs of the old country, which after all was home, I lounged in my chair, drowsily listening, and wondered whether some day health and work and food might be found for our many ill-fed and hopeless sons in that wide country. Yet it was evident there was no room for the drunkard or slothful there, for when Hunter, closing the piano with a sigh, returned to Canada, he discoursed on his position and that of many others like him. "We were frozen out last season again," he said, "and lost nearly all we had. We got implements, seed, and provisions on a bond this time, and we're hiring no help. If the beasts will only stand it, we'll do the whole thing ourselves. If we get a good crop, there'll be a balance in the bank after paying everyone. If we don't, the dealers

will take everything,—except the provisions, and somehow I'll pay for them. Then we'll strike out over the Rockies for British Columbia. You can't expect bad luck everywhere."

Credit, which is universal in that region, has its advantages as well as its evils, for it divides the risks of the weather, while a bounteous harvest enriches farmer, dealer, and manufacturer alike. There is no room for half-measures upon the prairie, where a man must raise wheat or go under. Still, if possessed of average strength, he need never suffer privation, and it is perhaps this reason which leads the settlers to face trying uncertainty and arduous toil with a cheerful courage not always found at home. So we ploughed and cross-ripped the clods with disc-harrows, and when the seeders had drilled in the grain, I shook hands with Hunter and went back to my own partner.

It was hay-time when I visited Fairmead again, and found my hosts darker in colour and considerably more ragged than before. There is little leisure for the amenities of civilisation during the busy summer, and the mending of clothes, and sometimes even their washing, is indefinitely postponed. The prairie also had changed, for the transitory flush of green was gone, while birchen bluff and willow-fringed ravine formed comforting oases of foliage and cool shadow, and, when the blazing sun beat down upon the parched white sod, the rippling waves of dull green wheat were pleasant to look upon. Now, thereabouts at least, horses and oxen must be fed during the long winter, when the prairie is sheeted with frozen snow, and the hay-harvest is accordingly a matter of some anxiety. Artificial grasses are rarely sown, and the settler trusts to Nature to supply him, while throughout much of Manitoba and Assiniboia

on the levels the natural grasses are too short for cutting. The hay must therefore be gathered in the dried-up *sloos* where it may reach almost breast-high. Timber for building being also lamentably scarce, implements, for lack of shelter, are usually left where they last were used, and while I drove off with the light waggon, my friends set forth in search of the mowing-machine. It was dazzlingly hot and bright, and the long sweep of prairie seemed to melt into a transparent shimmering, with a birchen bluff floating above it like an island here and there.

At times a jack-rabbit, now the colour and much the size of an English hare, fled before the rattling wheels, or a flock of prairie-chicken flattened themselves half-seen among the grass, while tall sandhill cranes stalked majestically along the crest of a distant rise. On foot one cannot get within a half-mile range of them, though it is possible to drive fast into gunshot occasionally, but in hay-time there is little leisure for sport. Thick grey dust rose up, and the waggon, a light frame on four spider-wheels which two men could lift, jolted distressfully as it lurched across the swelling levels, until a mounted figure waved an arm upon the horizon, and I knew the machine had been found. It lay with one wheel in the air buried among the grass, and half-an-hour's labour with oil can and spanner was needed before it could be induced to work at all, while then there was a great groaning of rusty gear as the long knife rasped through the harsh grass. Unlike the juicy product of English meadows, it rose before us saw-edged, dry, and white, though we had no doubt about its powers of nutriment.

There were flies in legions, and the hot air was thick with mosquitoes larger and more thirsty than any met

in the Tropics (where they are bad enough in all conscience), so declining Hunter's net (which hung like a meat-safe gauze beneath the brim of his hat) I anointed my face and hair with kerosene. Still, at times the insects almost conquered us, as I afterwards saw them put to rout a surveying party in British Columbia, and it became difficult to lead the tortured horses. One does not, however, expect an easy time upon the prairie, and the hay was badly needed; so bitten all over we held on until the little *sloo* was exhausted. The sun had already dried the grasses better than we could do, and when the waggon was loaded high I went back with it while the others tramped out into the heat in search of another *sloo*.

When I reached the house it was filled with Hunter's white chickens, which had sought refuge there from the swoop of a hawk. The caulking had fallen out from between the warping logs, and the roof, which was partly tin and partly shingles, crackled audibly under the heat. But there was only time to pack up a little food, and when the waggon was lightened, grimed thick with dust and a long wake of insects streaming behind my head, I drove out again. From *sloo* to *sloo* we wandered, halting once for a plunge into a shrunken creek where lay three feet of lukewarm fluid and two feet of mud, and it was nightfall when we thankfully turned our faces homewards. A little cool breeze, invigorating as champagne, came down out of the North where still lingered a green transparency, and the sun-bleached prairie had changed into a dim mysterious sea, with unreal headlands of birch and willow rolling back its ridges. Every growing thing gave up its fragrance as it drank in the dew, and through all the odours floated the

sweet pervading essence of wild peppermint, which is the typical scent of that country.

Somewhere in the shadows a coyote howled dismally: at times with a faint rustling some shadowy beast slipped by; but save for this there was a deep, dead stillness and an overwhelming sense of vastness and infinity. Under its influence one could neither chatter idly nor fret over petty cares, and I remember how, aching, scorched, and freely speckled with mosquito-bites, we lay silent upon the peppermint-scented hay. Meantime, far out on the rim of the prairie, the red fires rioted among the grass, while here and there long trains of filmy vapour blotted out the stars; but Hunter had ploughed deep furrows round his holding and had no cause to fear them. At last, only half-awake, we unyoked the beasts, devoured such cold food as we could find, and sank into heavy slumber until the sun roused us to begin another day.

It was late in autumn, and bluff and copse were glorious with many-coloured leaves, waiting frost-nipped for the first breeze to strew them across the prairie, when I saw the last of Hunter's crop. The crackling grass lay ready for its covering of snow, and the yellow stubble, stripped of the heavy ears, stood four-square, solid, and rigid above the prairie. The crop had escaped the frost, the binders had gone, and now the black smoke of the threshing-machine hung motionless in the cool transparent atmosphere above the piled-up sheaves. Hunter's heart was glad. After a hard struggle, patient waiting, and very plain living, the soil had returned what he had entrusted it to him a hundred-fold. Better still, frost having been bad in Manitoba, Winnipeg millers and shippers were waiting for every bushel.

Still there was no rest for him, and he worked as men who fight for their own hand only can do, grimed with smoke and dust beside the huge separator which hummed and thudded as it devoured the sheaves. Ox and horse were also busy, hauling the filled bags to the granary, which is merely a shapeless mound of short straw piled many feet thick over a willow-branch framing, to form, when wind-packed, a cheap and efficient store. Men panted, laughed, and jested, with every sinew strained to the uttermost and the perspiration splashing from them, for the system of centralisation which makes a machine of the individual has so far no place in that country, and, being paid by the bushel, the reward of each was in direct ratio to his labours. Yet there was neither abuse nor foul language, and they drank green tea, while no man derided the weaker where each did his best and there was plenty for all.

Then, when at last even the moonlight had faded and three borrowed waggons stood beside the threshing-machine piled high with bags of grain, a bountiful supper was spread upon the grass, because room could not be found in the house for all. Threshers live upon the best in the land, as do the kindly neighbours who work for no money, and already Hunter's chicken-house was empty, while the painful necessity of acting as executioner with a big axe affected the writer's appetite. The vitality sometimes lingers a few moments in decapitated fowls, and the dressing of several dozen, even when dipped in boiling water, was not pleasant to remember when eating them, in spite of the consolation that no more remained. Next day I knew I must drive nearly fifty miles to the settle-

ment and back for more provisions. They ate, then, as they had worked, thoroughly and well, French Canadian, Ontario Scotsman, young Englishman, and a few keen-witted wanderers from across the frontier of the great Republic, forgetting all distinctions of caste and race in the bond of a common purpose. Tradition counts for nothing on the wide wheat-lands; they are at once too new and too old for it. Empty self-assertion is also worthless, and it is only by self-denial, endurance, and steadfast labour that any one can win himself a competence there. Hunter had a right to the content he felt, for by stubbornly holding on in the face of bitter disappointments he had won that harvest.

It was six weeks later, and the prairie lay white under the first fall of snow, when with three panting teams, whose breath rose like steam into the nipping air before us, we hauled the last loads on steel runners out of the sliding drifts, through the smooth-beaten streets of a straggling wooden town to the gaunt elevators. Long, snow-besprinkled trains of trucks were waiting on the sidings; huge locomotives snorted, backing more trucks in, for from north and south and west other teams were coming up out of the prairie with the grain that was needed to feed the swarming peoples of the older world. At last the whirring wheels were silent for a few moments' space: the empty waggons were drawn aside to make room for newcomers; and Hunter's eyes were rather dim than bright with emotion as he spread out before me the receipts which he would presently convert into coin and dollar bills.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

ART AND THE WOMAN.

BY TWO BROTHERS.

If you compare the artistic gifts and dispositions of any ordinary married couple, you will find, more often than not, that the wife has an advantage over the husband. Not only are her wits more vivacious than his, because she is more easily excited, but her eyes, keen as the eyes of genius and children, lay quick hold on trifles which pass unobserved by him. Two other qualities make women and artists akin. First, their eye for colour, which is seen to the best advantage, perhaps, in the arrangement of flowers; and secondly, their inborn good taste, which Joubert describes as the artistic conscience of the soul.

My love in her attire doth show her
wit,
It doth so well become her.

So sings the fortunate poet; and if there are some among us who can echo these words truthfully, it is because the natural good taste of women does not always yield empire and precedence to the fashion-plates.

So many women have in fact been endowed by Nature with several of the special qualities which go to the making of the artist, that it is curious in how little feminine art we feel the free, wise touch of real talent, not to speak of genius. Are the times we live in hostile to the growth of woman's artistic gifts, or is the falling off in these gifts to be accounted for by certain fundamental characteristics in woman's nature? These

are questions which it is our purpose to answer to the best of our ability in the course of this article. So let us take our courage in both hands and endeavour to strike at the root of the explanation.

Every artist is an idler at heart. He finds a sweeter joy in dreaming of imaginative projects than in labouring to make them real. Up to a certain point it is wise in an artist to dream; but beyond that point he must write, he must paint, strenuous in execution, sparing no pains, bearing up against failure, or his fancies will end in going up the chimney. But what, unfortunately, too often confirms the artist in his dreaming is the fact that his very materials, limiting and interposing between conception and expression, confine his imagination within certain fixed and narrow bounds beyond which he cannot go. In other words, as no distiller can preserve for us the natural perfume of flowers, so no artistic medium can impart to us the witchery of vague form, of vanishing schemes of colour, which keeps the artist brooding spell-bound at his homely fireside. "Every picture is a subject thrown away!" he says under his breath in the words of Frederick Leighton; and then he begins dallying with another and yet another art, so that he may derive from each one some elusive joy which his own cannot communicate to him, owing to its peculiar limitations. The truth is that only the prick of need or of suffering, of persecution, or of un-

wearying self-sacrifice, can spur on the artist bravely to encounter the bitter disappointments which attend upon his creative labours. In face of this truth, we cannot but believe that woman's passion for dress and show and luxury has always stood in the way of her higher artistic aspirations. How is it possible for the mind to be healthily imaginative and creative, when its energies are for ever centring about luxuries? Wordsworth used to say that all artists should be severely frugal. Goethe declared to Eckermann on three separate occasions, as though the truth needed reiteration, that noble edifices are for princes only, not for artists: "Those who live in them," he said, "feel at ease and contented, and desire nothing further." Is not this especially true of women who have a feline love of comfort? The woman who paints, it is true, has, in this particular, a hazardous advantage over her sister the poetess, since she can always imitate the superficial charm of beautiful created things; but it may be said, without the least extravagance, that she too will be lost as an imaginative artist, if she persist in living amid such externals of home-life as cannot but stimulate in her the facile talent of an artisan, lacking in all those rare and precious attributes which go to the making of the creative and imaginative faculties.

Now, the power of observation in women, keen as it is, busies itself chiefly with things material that meet the eye. In imaginative force, as in that of reasoning, she is, as a rule, the inferior of man. "She argues generally," it has been well said of her, "rather by induction from special facts than by induction from large principles; and she has a habit of leaping from a fact or two, accidentally picked up, to a sweeping generalisation, such as can be safely built only on a broad and deep

foundation of facts. She seems to have neither range nor patience, nor grasp for severe reasoning." De Quincey was of precisely the same opinion. According to him, the concrete and the individual, fleshed in action and circumstance, are all that the female mind can reach; and George Sand, who may be supposed to have known something of her own sex, denied that women have a spark of imaginative sympathy at all. Entrenching ourselves behind these authorities, we dare to offer the explanation that the historic conditions of woman's life, and her constitutional determination to the showy and the superficial, have been the means of depriving her of the most inestimable of all human attributes of greatness,—the imagination. Hence her genius may be compared more justly to the bee, that keeps industriously close to the earth, than to the singing skylark, that is "near at once to the point of heaven and to the point of home." Nor is this all. So soon as the female imagination becomes busy, we know that a physician, or a change of air, is urgently needed. It would be a hard task to name even one poetess of note who was not exceedingly delicate, nervous, hysterical, who did not work, like Mrs. Browning, under the dangerous guidance of that irritation of soul which ill-health is so apt to set up in persons of a sensitive artistic temperament. This ought not to be, of course, but perhaps nothing save the most careful nursing during a long series of generations will ever lead to the enthronement of Prospero and Ariel in the intuitional minds of women.

In face of this defect in the seat of imaginative grace, it is not otherwise than inevitable that women should be of a rigidly practical turn of mind. The blunt fact is that the least practical woman is more prac-

tical than the most practical man. Thus, when the young painter is in despair because his day-dreams look ridiculous on canvas, his sister of the brush, true to the active business-instinct of her sex, is playing the generous picture-dealer in her thoughts. The boy, more truly practical in his native unpracticalness, tosses aside his brushes, sets off for a joyous ramble in the country, and finds on his return home that his eyes are no longer bad and jaded critics. It is not thus that the girl behaves in like circumstances; she acts at once upon the belief that the only sure way of putting things right is to add to her hours of work.

These remarks on woman's passion for ease and on her imaginative faculty apply with the same force to the women of the past as of the present. In the time of the Renaissance, for instance, when "the arts were standing on the top of golden hours," nearly four hundred girls set the art-critics cherishing great expectations of their good success; but of these only ten or twelve (notably Sophonisba Angussola and Rachel Ruisch) fulfilled the promise of their youth; the rest, sex-bound in silly pretensions and barren unimaginativeness, serve to symbolise the contrast between woman's uncounted failures as a painter and her many and varied artistic gifts and dispositions. But what seems to fit the case of the moderns only is the assumption of mannishness, clearly shown in their writings and paintings. If we should judge from their works, it would seem to be their darling aim and highest achievement to be unwomanly in their attitude towards life and art, towards human character and conduct. "Why was I born a girl and not a boy?" a well-known female novelist asks herself; and this question is put to us,

dramatically, by a great many other women who are apparently yearning to unsex themselves. This expression of a feeling of discontent, almost of self-shame, is most notoriously exhibited in such books as Madame Schumann's *APOLOGY* for her own sex, and in Mrs. Meynell's prayer for a masculine education that shall obliterate those eternal differences of thought, feeling, temperament, and experience, which now keep men and women apart as artists,—a consummation devoutly to be thwarted, for we believe that only such women as are womanly will ever rise to be true artists. Let women look to it, then, that they spin their yarns at the distaff, and abjure not their sex after the thorough-going manner of George Sand.

That gifted Frenchwoman is, indeed, a typical instance of the unwisdom which Mrs. Meynell would share with us. George Sand, setting nothing by the truth that to her sex Nature "is both Law and Impulse," firmly believed that, by masquerading in boy's clothes as an eavesdropping student of manners, and by saturating her mind with Parisian vices and German metaphysics, she could easily teach herself to vie with men in their own inaccessible provinces of thought. In this mad enterprise it was that she embarked all her capital of womanhood, and, so long as the novelty of the adventure kept its edge, she was as happy as a truant schoolboy. Then the inevitable reaction set in. All the woman in her, perishing, became querulous, then rebellious, until at last the unhappy novelist made peace with her own nature. "Art," as she then told herself, "is the mission of feeling and of love, is the search after the ideal; and the modern novel should do duty for the parable of old times." This new attitude explains

the sudden change from romances in which "love means the annulling of the moral law," to such touching little stories as *THE HAUNTED POOL*. Unfortunately the promise of more womanly work was not resolutely maintained. To the end of her life her tainted mind kept on gravitating to what the novelist herself described as "the dung-hill of Lazarus"; there were times, that is to say, when she could not help making literary capital out of her occasional lovers. As a rule, even in her prose idylls, she plays the good woman somewhat awkwardly and self-consciously, as a man might. It is only when her mind travels wistfully back to her youth, and she relates those winsome memories of her childhood, her least perishable work, that George Sand regains for a season her discarded womanliness.

Take, again, Frances Burney and George Eliot. While the former ruined her gay caricaturing genius by trying to force it to speak with the voice of Dr. Johnson, the latter's less admirable work dates from the time when, beginning to lose faith in her intuitive insight into character, she bewildered her mind with metaphysical studies. In truth George Eliot met with her artistic Nemesis in Lewes's philosophy, as Madame de Staël had come upon hers in Schlegel's metaphysical chatter. The Frenchwoman, it is true, suffered less from these studies than did George Eliot, for she took her rugged appearance so much to heart as to vie with the most beautiful of her sex in being nothing if not womanly in her intercourse with men. Despite appearances, her famous saying that she would sacrifice all her genius for one evening of Madame de Recamier's beauty shows her to have been a true daughter of Eve, and so does her style, which is of the woman womanly and most seductive.

A woman lies at the mercy of her temperament, which is so impressionable, in conception, as to be positively dangerous. And so, in literature and art, the instinctive readiness of women to yield to the influence of any man's work that they admire ardently is a serious drawback to their success. Some of them change their styles almost as often as they change their dress; and it would be easy to name others who give us nothing but a patchwork of reminiscences, nothing but a curious medley of the various ways in which several well-known men express themselves in their work. It is true, no doubt, that this overmastering instinct among women of being subservient to the talents of men is sometimes fruitful of good things, as in the case of Lady Alma-Tadema, whose art is a pretty feminine reflex of her husband's; but, as a rule, it is a habit that leads to so much devious industry, in so many directions, that real, sustained progress becomes impossible. A woman may have a dozen borrowed manners; she has seldom, if ever, a distinctive style of her own.

What, then, is the true mission of women in literature and the fine arts? "All that which is best in my literary work," says M. Daudet, "is owing to my wife's influence and suggestion. There are whole realms of human nature which we men cannot explore. We have not eyes to see, nor hearts to understand, certain subtle things which a woman perceives at once." True; and just as we men by the natural temper of our minds are shut out from those petticoat-haunted realms of human nature, so the woman can never find her way into our own special provinces in the art of interpreting human life and character. Hence the artistic mission of woman is to reveal Nature in a feminine guise, becomingly and nobly

transformed by passing through the alembic of womanhood. In every line of a woman's writings should beat the thanks that she was a woman, and the trust that the Maker will remake and complete her; and to that end she should seek to glorify her sex in her creative work. None save true women, and none save true men, can either write or paint as such; and it is only by painting thus and writing thus, that each sex can become the artistic counterpart and complement of the other.

The creed we are preaching was practised by the admirable Mrs. Oliphant, in whose writings we meet with the rare old style which Voltaire admired so much in the letters of Madame de Sevigné, and which carried along with it through Maria Edgeworth's stories the great and generous heart of Sir Walter Scott. This style, with its swiftness, its gaiety of epithet, its rambling ease and easy distinction, follows the conformation of the feminine mind, and is common to all the illustrious women-writers of the past,—to all except George Eliot. Their style should be the woman, always the woman, and not, as it usually is to-day, the infelicitous caricature of a good many men. For women are always at their best when they throw off their work at a heat, as of a musician improvising. It was thus, as has been said, under an instinctive rather than technical guidance, that Jane Austen and the Bröntes won their literary victories, and that Maria Edgeworth united her matter-of-fact wit, her spontaneous gaiety and philosophy, to the fire and waywardness of the Irish character. Nor was it otherwise than with the same free, wise, unpremeditated art that Lady Waterford called up her gracious daydreams into pictorial presence.

There are critics ready enough to

urge that women of genius cannot help being manly in their handiwork, because there has ever been something masculine in their mental habits, and in their cast of countenance, too, not infrequently. Assuredly; but do we not learn from Goethe, Coleridge, Tennyson, that all creative minds must be androgynous? And who will be so bold as to infer from this that our double-natured men of genius must needs be womanish rather than virile in their creative work? Consider what is the meaning of this fusion of the masculine and feminine qualities in the genius of each sex. Does it mean that the artistic temperament at its greatest is human nature in its quintessential form and power? If so, then perhaps genius may be defined as a single creative human power with a double sex. In no conceivable case, however, should what we may call the primitive Eve in the male genius, and the primeval Adam in the female, be the ruling spirit in a work of art. Think of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, in whose genius there dwelt a woebegone troubadour and a mediæval nun, very meek and wan and dolorous! Can any true man find it in his conscience to declare that the ruling spirit in these pictures is not the consumptive Eve in the male genius? And does not his artistic sense suffer a certain shrinking at the absence of any token that it was a man, and not a woman, who wielded the brush? Pitiful this, but true; the greatest of unsexed painters, male or female, living or dead, is the painter of the Briar Rose!

This topsy-turveydom in the genius of both sexes is an eloquent commentary upon the decadent world we lived in a year or two ago, for those times of "doubts, disputes, distractions, fears" were, as we believe, anything but friendly to true womanliness in women, and nothing if not hostile

to healthy manliness in men. The fever and the fretfulness of life, the ever-increasing popularity of French realism, the permeating spread of agnosticism, and the noisy revolution through which the belligerent sex had long been fighting its way to the sterile bourne of a literary and artistic mannishness,—all these agencies, together with the contagion of a vicious newspaper press, combined grievously to impair, if not momentarily to obliterate, the native modesty and sprightliness of a great many women; and if we tell them once more that they only did themselves, and us, a mischief by trying to be distinctively manly in their creative labours, it is because we foster the hope that they will do more womanly work in these days of England's awakening. It is one thing to admit the trend of national events to have been their enemy, and ours, in the past; it is happily quite another matter to look on in silence while they go on murdering the woman within their minds and hearts and intuitive nursery natures. *Inspirez et n'écoutez pas!* says a French writer speaking to women, and this sound advice was reversed in practice by our ladies of the pen; they wrote—heavens, how they wrote!—and our source of inspiration was gone, impure, pernicious, bad. Of their writings it will be enough to say that they were and are a repudiation, frankly unabashed, of all that is tender and lovable in woman, and the evil effect of them can be discerned in the sudden decline and fall of so virile a genius as that of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Let women write or inspire; the issue will be one, provided they follow the guidance of their hearts and run not counter to the new spirit of the times. The days

of our decadence are dead, thank the powers, and buried in the dung-hill of French realism, and this, the spring of our re-awakening, should have upon women who write and women who paint the effect of a summons to arms in vindication of their native womanliness. Be their spirit of perversity never so perverse, it should go hard with them to escape from the inner voice which bids them attune their minds to the promptings of their hearts. For women, who comply rapidly with their surroundings, and with the spirit of the age, are bound to be influenced by the turn in the tide of national tendencies, and these making, as they do, at the present time for true manliness in men, cannot but make for tender womanliness in women.

Art should reflect the sex of the artist. Some truly great phases of art, there are, no doubt, which are neither masculine nor feminine, which are merely epicene, as in the case of Fra Angelico; but we would point out that Fra Angelico's epicenity of temperament is counterbalanced by the beauty and the deep sincerity of his religious faith. The truth is that the epicene in art needs some such strong and noble counterpoise, else it is sterile and has no future, lacking, as it is, by itself in the full strength of the distinctively male, and the mature tenderness of the distinctively female. In our times, unfortunately, the need of a countervailing inspiration has been often forgotten, as it was by our morbid Pre-Raphaelites; and hence their influence has already passed away, killed by a revival of that love of enterprise which enabled England "to gem the remote seas with splendid repetitions of herself."

PRIVATE WHITWORTH, B.A.

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear ;

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust—

It seemed then that his case was hardly unique, but merely a modern instance of an experience not uncommon in the past, at least down to Andrew Marvel's time. This was doffing the scholar's gown and throwing aside the poetical pen to put on the armour and sword of militant patriotism ; Sir Philip Sidney was an instance of it not so very long ago, and Colonel Lovelace was also a fighting poet. Going back still farther there was Æschylus, and at a still remoter period (if his memory served him, for he was not good at dates,) there was King David, who wrote the Psalms, or most of them, and also slew Goliath of Gath. And doubtless history, if closely questioned, would reveal other examples.

With him it was exchanging the frayed gown of an English undergraduate for a khaki suit, and the pen of pleasant (if not very distinguished) scholarship for a Lee-Metford rifle. "However could I do it?" he asked himself more than once afterwards. "Were it not better that the actual business of fighting should be left to others, whose loss to the nation and the intellectual world would not be so deeply felt?" It occurred to him, in a moment of sardonic humour, as a good question for debate at the Union in the next Michaelmas Term. How would it run? Something like this, perhaps: "That in the opinion

of this House the members of the University who have lately left us would have served the State better by proceeding to their degrees (if not plucked, of course), and then to their professions and into Parliament, than by offering their persons as targets for our future fellow-subjects of the South African Republics." He would like to be present at the discussion. It is true he had only gone in himself for the Poll Degree, by the advice of his college tutor ; but then on the other hand he had won the Chancellor's English Medal by his ode on Empire,—not the British institution of that name, but empire in general and in the abstract, with its duties, responsibilities, and compensating glories. It was unquestionably an imaginative effort of considerable merit ; but the headmaster of his school had always said he had imagination. The college tutor was not quite so sure, though he admitted that it might be something of the kind.

Where was he now? Down under the belt of the world, lying flat on his stomach on the stony earth, as if, like a certain Greek deity, he derived strength from the contact. All about were rough boulders and upright projections of rock, a very nest of crags and hummocks. He was on top of a *kopje* in South Africa, in the firing line, or what there was of it. On his right and left were other earth-

worshippers, of the same dull colouring as himself and equally absorbed in their devotions, though now and then one would lift his head and peep cautiously round his particular boulder. Above all was a great, cloudless vault, a hemisphere of intense blue, vastly higher it seemed than any English sky he had ever seen. And away everywhere stretched the bare, burning, yellow *veld*, deceptive as to distance and terrible for foot-faring in days like this. A blue, burnished dome, and a yellow undulating plain, with clear-cut, severe-looking mountains about the border, just like those in the magazines at home, only coloured,—these were the main elements of their present world.

There were two others, however, that were even more opposed to their comfort than the *veld*. One was a huge instrument of torture, a Nebuchadnezzar's burning fiery furnace, which had moved slowly upwards from the eastern horizon and now had them in its dreadful focus. Every minute their hand's-breadth of shade grew narrower, and the angle of heat-incidence more nearly vertical. There were no sun-worshippers in that congregation; indeed, never had the beneficent luminary been more roundly cursed. They sweated and swore, or prayed for a thunder-storm; anything, even the most terrific South African deluge, were better than roasting like the famous saint on the gridiron,—though only the Volunteer, and one besides, had ever heard of him.

The other element of discomfort, or rather of danger, they couldn't see at all, but they could hear it,—occasionally, that is to say; and it was this that made them all so devout in appearance. The sound was a little like that of a swarm of bees; but the Volunteer knew they were not Virgil's bees, but something a good deal nearer to the Wasps of Aristophanes. They

were Mauser bullets, flying stings and more deadly than any wasp ever invented by Nature.

"This is goin' to be an all-day job," remarked the serjeant, who was prostrate at the Volunteer's left hand. "It's a chance if re-enforcements come before night, or if the enemy don't get theirs first."

"And it ain't goin' to be no eight-hour one, neither, with a lay-off for meals and a smoke in between." This came from another devotee on his right, who had been a bricklayer in earlier years.

"You can 'ave your meals comfortable enough if you lay close. What do you want, the 'ole country? 'Ere comes the water-cart!"

As the serjeant said this a man hung all over with canteens, and holding the straps of several more between his teeth, crept slowly towards the sufferers. His manner of approach was singularly abject, suggesting that of one of his less favoured subjects to an Eastern despot in the deferential ages of the past. He exhibited, in fact, a great reluctance to showing any part of his person above the sky-line. "Blowed if one of them F. Company fellers 'asn't been spillin' some of 'is claret into our spring!" he exclaimed angrily, after freeing his mouth. "But it don't show or taste in a canteen," he added reassuringly.

"Claret! 'Ere's a bloomin' feast!" said the ex-bricklayer. "Bully beef and 'Er Majesty's chocolate, washed down by champagne!" He chuckled at the notion.

His hilarity was not shared by the other men on the line, who passed the filled canteens on to their comrades in silence. They all drank, but with moderation, well knowing the value of the precious liquid and the uncertainty of its supply. Presently word was passed to save ammu-

nitition ; but this was hardly necessary, as the serjeant had warned them. They were in for an all-day job, as he had said.

"However did I come to do it?"

The Volunteer put the question to himself for the hundredth time, in a tone of philosophical inquiry merely. He did not say he regretted it ; he was simply curious to trace the successive steps which had brought him to a position so opposed to the forecasts of his nativity. From a very early stage of his career he had been destined for one of the peaceful professions, the fourth estate possibly, though not the militant branch of it. How then was he landed here ? To the best of his recollection, for his brain was already confused by the heat and the humming of the wasps, it began with target-practice at home with a parlour-rifle, by which he had learned to shoot straight. Then he had been so vain as to continue the habit at the rifle-butts at the University, and this naturally led to his joining the rifle-corps and being numbered with its best shots. And when the University decided to send its patriotic contingent, or the contingent decided to go, he must needs volunteer with the rest. That was about the way of it. He remembered it had seemed a noble and virtuous act : no doubt it was ; but had he and the others quite counted the cost ? It was all right, however, and he had no cause of complaint.

This was what it was like to die for one's country ! Only it seemed like dying for someone else's ; they were so far away. He made no doubt that it would come to the final sacrifice. Already half-a-dozen men were bandaged at various points, one with his head in an improvised turban ; and one lay silent as if asleep. The incident rays had not troubled him for some time :

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done—

The lines slipped into the Volunteer's head as he lay there.

Presently a man on the extreme right saw his chance and fired ; with effect, it seemed, for at once a swarm of angry hornets buzzed in the air above them, where there had been quiet for some time before. "Sit tight, lads !" the serjeant had called out before it began, so no one was hurt ; but when it ceased he rated the offender soundly for his disobedience. "Might 'ave cost us two or three men on the firin' line, and it's weak enough now," he said resentfully.

Where were those wonderful sub-alterns he had heard of, who used to pace to and fro beside their prostrate men at such times, just to keep them in tone ? The Volunteer thought he would like to see one of them stand up here for five seconds.

The fiery sun rode higher and higher in the heavens, and pelted them more pitilessly than ever. It was above the power of human flesh to bear, so the spirit, which is the stronger force, had to be called in to help. They took it variously, with philosophy or without, complainingly, callously, stupidly, or piously, according to temperament or character. In most it induced heaviness or else something like delirium ; their brains were boiling.

The serjeant was in a particularly hot corner, which he could not or would not leave. "'The hel'munts shall melt with fervunt 'eat,'" he said suddenly, waking out of something like a doze. His voice had a strange, distant tone, mellower and kindlier than its wont.

"'Elmits melt with 'eat ! We ain't got no 'elmits, only 'ats. Old man's goin' dotty." The whilom bricklayer said this with some con-

tempt; he too had suddenly waked up; he had in fact been snoring.

The serjeant missed the muttered gibe and went on in the same tone: "The sun shall not smite thee by day—The shadder of a great rock in a weary land.' In a sitawation like this, my friends, we can appreshate these expressions of Scripshur; for the ancient people of the Lord lived in a 'ot country; and as they 'ad many enemies like us they needed plenty of cover,—plenty of cover. Moreover they knew the importunce of takin' it, and 'ad faith in the Lord—in their officers—to bring them there; which is showed by the words, 'Lead me to the Rock that is 'igher than I.' They trusted to the Lord—their officers—the Lord, and we should—should—" His voice quavered and he stopped.

"'Ere endeth the fust lesson," said the man on his left.

The serjeant looked about with a dazed face, mopping his brow: "Blest if I didn't think I was in our old chapel in Zion Lane, before I came over to the Church.—Keep a sharp look-out, men," he added in a brisker voice.

To the Volunteer it seemed as if his brain was the bulb of a thermometer, his spinal cord the stem, and that the sun was forcing the mercury up or rather down his spine. First he dozed; then the pain awakened him into a kind of feverish madness. He tossed about in the hot narrow space, singing softly to himself and quoting little tags of prose or verse. He had never known before how tuneful and even devotional his education had been; he seemed to have gone in for a Musical and Theological Tripos combined. Hymns, anthems, and chants, introits and antiphones, *Te Deums*, processions, and recessionals followed each other through his aching head

and came to his lips in broken snatches. He seemed to know whole epistles and gospels, creeds, prayers, and confessions, by heart, but could only repeat them in disjointed fragments. They were mostly appropriate to the occasion: "Defend us—in all assaults of our enemies—There is none other that fighteth for us—Oh God, make speed to save us—make haste to help us—" He must have secreted it all at the services in his school and college chapels. How truly medieval those institutions continue to be!

"Lord, have mercy upon us—Christ, have mercy upon us—" This was from the man with the bandaged head. One side of his face was covered with blood; he lay motionless on his side, and was evidently hard hit.

Something in their ensconced position moved the serjeant to sing, in a high-pitched, wavering voice:

Rock of Hages, clef' for me,
Let me 'ide myself in Thee.

"'E's got cover on the brain," grumbled the bricklayer, irritably.

"Strikes me this is a bloomin' Mornin' Suvvis," said the man on the left.

The Volunteer closed his weary eyes on the burning *veld* that shook and quivered in the heat's witch-dance, and opened them (inwardly) on other scenes. Yes, though only the usual training of a middle-class English youth, his had certainly had an ecclesiastical side. He could see his old headmaster, surpliced and gowned in the school-pulpit, a somewhat prosy old gentleman he had always thought, although he had recognised his genius; and at college there were the Reverend the Master, the Reverend the Dean, and sundry reverend Fellows; frankly, he could

have done with less divinity in his curriculum. Ah, there were the men coming into chapel, passing the watchful markers and dividing right and left to the raised seats on either hand,—what a seraphic, innocent-looking crowd they were! And soon the organ-notes would mount up to the dim, old Gothic roof,—his college was famed for its music.

Those subalterns again! Did those young warriors, with nerves of steel and stomachs of brass, who seemed made without human emotions, did they ever at any time think on their fathers and mothers, on their brothers, sisters, and harmless, necessary aunts? He was callow, he owned, and these as yet made up his social atmosphere; the strange woman, the other man's wife, who troubled the careers of so many, had not affected his own up to this time. He did not think she ever would in any case; it was a matter of taste. But neither had the fair and virtuous maiden of the older romance and equally real life, to any great extent. He was, in fact, deplorably young, if also as he believed somewhat presentable. Really, how domestic and even parochial his life had been, if he was a Chancellor's Medalist and a University Volunteer. Yes, it was the *pater*, and the *mater*, and the kids generally; there they all were, at the long dining-table, the kids making the usual row, or in the drawing-room strumming the piano. How clear the picture was! Especially the *mater*, and Maud, and Dolly the mite.

This was the cry-baby tap, and would best be turned off, or he'd be blubbering there on the ground.

Ah, going back to his college life; it had, after all, a secular side, and, as it now seemed to him, a particularly jolly one. The reading-men of his year were certainly a pleasant and intelligent set; they had appreciated

his gifts if others had not. And there were the suppers in the college and other rooms, bump-suppers and those of a more Attic kind,

Where they such clusters had,
As made them nobly wild, not mad,

though the college tutor had refused to be impressed with their intellectual tone. Then there were the sports, cricket, football, and the boats especially. In the mental haze induced by his sun-bath he seemed to be on the towing-path at the May races, opposite the gaily attired throngs at the Corner, himself in his uniform, charging through the crowd with his bayonet and shouting "Well rowed!" to the crews. He would be thus in full cry when a shadowy proctor, in gown and bands, would loom up before him with the dreaded, "Your name and college, Sir?" Or it would be some one resembling a military officer, who would sternly demand the number or name of his regiment.

"Sir Philip Sidney, at Zutphen, was wounded by a musket ball which broke his thigh and led to his death." A soft-nosed bullet, no doubt; but even that was better than being roasted by the antipodean Sun-God.

"How different is this place!" That was Milton's Satan, he thought. In his delirium little English vistas swam before his burning eyes. Now it was summer, a cool evening in the home valley. There was the low church-tower, sending forth its later chimes; and there were the red and yellow corn-fields braided with green, the soft, brooding hills with their grassy slopes patched with squares of clover and mustard, and the sun, like a shield of dull fire, sinking to rest in peaceful clouds—a vespers symphony in purple and grey and gold.

"In the hour of death—Lord deliver us!" The turbaned man said this in a faint voice, and then said no more. The side of his face that could be seen was composed as if in sleep.

It seemed to the Volunteer that he must have dozed. What was this? Actually, a bit of shade! The sun was getting over to the west, and the big rock sheltered them. Perhaps they might live through it, through the heat, that is to say, for the wasps were still buzzing at every opportunity. Ah, there was the water-cart again! Red-faced, dust-covered, and breathing hard, he crawled along on his stomach as formerly, carrying and trailing his liquid treasure. "Couldn't git 'ere before, guv'nor," he said to the serjeant, apologetically; "ad to supply F. Company's men on t'other kopje. They're no good," he went on, with mingled contempt and commiseration; "lost two men tryin' to git water,—couldn't take cover for a brass farden. Went with their backs stuck up like a bloomin' camel's and o' course got 'it; and one of 'em dropped all their canteens into the enemy's fire-zone! Might 'ave thought of other people if 'e was 'it!"

It was certainly cooler, and his brains seemed to have flowed back again into his head. Presently another object, with a flushed, dust-grimed face and an eye-glass, approached in the same vermicular manner. The Volunteer knew him for a young officer of considerable dignity and a commonly upright carriage; but every one seemed now to travel on the front part of his person. It might be that the race was reverting to a reptilian type.

The eye-glassed one said something to the serjeant in a low voice, and added in a louder tone: "You'd better have your men in readiness."

"Right you are, Sir," answered the serjeant.

Then the officer raised his head and looked through the cleft between the rocks. "Can you make out the enemy's disposition here?" he asked.

"Their disposition is to 'it everything they can see," said the older man in alarm. "'Ave a care, Sir!" and the officer ducked with a hole in his hat. "Rather venomous, ain't they?" he said, and crawled away.

Soon the whisper was passed: "Re-inforcements have helioed." The ex-bricklayer was dull of hearing that day, and hyper-critical. "'Illoed, did they?" he grunted. "Domn'd idiots! Ought to 'ave 'eld their tongues and flanked 'em quiet and unbeknown. Some reg'munts carn't do nothink without 'ollerin' and shoutin'."

Ah, it would soon be their turn to assault, and then he would be sacrificed. Something within told him so, for this was his first attack of the kind. But he was dying for his country, for the Empire rather, and like the Venetian merchant he was armed and well prepared. Would it were over, though, for the long waiting tried him sorely!

His head began to ache again and gather feverish fancies. He found himself whimsically troubled about the inscription on his tombstone; it would probably be a little cairn somewhere out here on the *veld*. How would it read? *Gerald Whitworth, University Rifle Volunteers, (B.A. by Special Grace of the Senate)*—that would do for a beginning; but how would they record that young Lycidas knew how to sing and build the lofty rhyme, and had not left his peer,—at least at his own Alma Mater? That, however, might be reserved for a tablet in their parish church; there was a good place in the south aisle, near the chancel—

R-r-r-r-r-r! A ripping through the air, a great flash just over the enemy's lines, and a heavy report that

wakened the echoes. Then another,—the relief was here with the guns! They were giving them shrapnel, and for a wonder had surprised them. But the foe were game, and the Mauser bullets were skipping about everywhere. Nobody minded that, however, for their own ammunition had come, and they were giving as good as they got.

Here was the order to attack, and they were now climbing down the hill and opening out upon the *veld*. The shadows were nearly level, and the enemy's fire made twinkling stars and short lines of red in the dusky hollows; but it grew wild now and intermittent. How realistic, how deadly picturesque, it all was! And how grandly the deep bass of the guns supported the lighter treble of the rifles!—just as it is in the war-correspondents' telegrams when the censor gives them a free hand. But it was dangerous after all, for men did drop now and then. They were climbing the opposite hill now, and more sheltered, but picking their way with great care. It was a bold, rugged place, just the spot he would have chosen for his immolation. Suddenly a tempest of bullets like hail fell upon them from a little *kopje* on the left; a family party of the enemy had waited to bestow a farewell salute. All sprang for the cover close beside them, but all did not reach it. The bricklayer fell heavily on his face and moved no more: two other men dropped to their knees; and the serjeant, who had given a warning shout, fell on his elbow, and then rolled over on his back.

It would be sin to throw away his life, so the Volunteer jumped with the rest. Then he looked back. His carping comrade would never carry musket more; but the two who had half-fallen were dragging themselves in with a good deal of bad language,

while the serjeant, who lay in a hollow, seemed to show signs of life. He was struggling, it appeared, with a bandage, which he was trying to extract from some part of his clothes, doubtless to staunch his wound. The young soldier saw the position in a flash, and with it his opportunity. The man was bleeding to death and must be brought in at any risk; it was a case for a Victoria Cross or a celestial crown!

Both sides were now blazing away furiously, the ambushed Britons calling their assailants "bloody 'ighwaymen" and other worse names. Directly in the line of fire lay the fallen man; but his saviour would have only the enemy's to fear, as his comrades would of course protect him. Springing forward, he was at the serjeant's side in twenty steps, but the task proved to have unexpected difficulties. All men know how these noble deeds are done; you place your victim (if you may so call him) on your back, or if not too much injured he walks by your side, supported by your arm and with his own around your neck. But here the victim resisted rescue with a vigour astonishing in a wounded man, shouting the while something about *cover*. The air rattled and hissed with shots and flying bullets; the Volunteer struggled vainly on the slippery stones, which were wet from a little spring; the men behind hallooed unintelligibly; and then something like a hot brick hit him in the shoulder, and he fell sideways, striking his head, and became unconscious.

Sir Philip Sydney, at the battle near Zutphen — Gerald Whitworth (B.A.), at the assault near Schnitzer's Farm— Yes, history was repeating itself, almost to the letter. He was lying on the stony hillside in the far-gone dusk, his left shoulder tightly bandaged and his head aching cruelly.

Strange to say the serjeant was not there, and he was alone but for his late comrade's silent form. "Oh farewell, honest soldier!" Soon the incident of the cup of water would be re-enacted: some one would offer him a canteen, and he would pass it on to a fellow-sufferer (who would be provided for the purpose) with: "Thy necessity is greater than mine,"—or rather something less archaic—"You need it more than I, my man," or, "After you, old chap."

"Here's two more stiff 'uns,—no, one's only wounded." This was not meant unfeelingly, but both the stretcher-bearers were grievously tired. Now for the historic re-enactment! Not so,—they merely looked him over with cool though not unfriendly calculation. "I say," said one, "you don't seem much 'urt, and we're both nigh dead with work; so p'raps you won't mind tryin' to walk a bit, with a little 'elp from one of us. It will save us comin' back for your chum." They gave him a drink of something much stronger than water; and the young man, whose sufferings perhaps had been greater than those of many who had completed the sacrifice he had intended to make, walked with them and their sad burden, through a region of curious and painful dreams, to the camp of his own battalion.

It was a fine morning, and the Volunteer, with his left arm in a sling, was sitting on the verandah of a local farm-house used for hospital purposes. A trim and pretty nurse, who treated him with as much motherliness as her two or three years seniority allowed, had just brought him a cup of cocoa, when he saw the serjeant's sturdy figure approaching. For several reasons he had wished to meet this

excellent non-commissioned officer, who, he had learned, had not been injured after all and was in fact the person who had bound up his wound.

After the first greetings a slight hesitancy was observable in his visitor's manner; it should be said that he was aware of the youth's academic status. "I 'ope you'll excuse me, Sir," he began (unofficially he always addressed him as *Sir*); "but I've been longin' to ask you a question. W'y ever was it you left your cover and came out and tackled me in that 'ole? It's kept me awake thinkin' of it, and I can't make it out; unless the 'eat 'ad affected your brain."

"You're about right, serjeant," said the Volunteer good-humouredly; "it *was* the heat. The fact is I thought you were wounded."

"Lord bless you, Sir," said his superior, light just dawning upon him, "Lord bless you, I wasn't 'it. My foot only slipped on them wet stones, and as the cover was good I stopped there."

"But I saw you trying to get out a bandage or something from one of your pockets."

"Well, I'm blest! I was only pullin' out my 'ankerchief to wipe my eyes so as I could see to give my orders. Truth is I'm a 'eavy man and I'd got very 'ot runnin'."—But I'm seriously obleeged to you, Sir," he went on with emotion, though his eyes had twinkled for an instant; "indeed I am. The Scripshur says no one can't do more than offer to die for 'is friend, and you ought to 'ave the V.C. if any one ought. I'd be 'appy to mention it to the captain; but you see, Sir, I wasn't 'urt myself, and the cover was reely ex'lent."

A. G. HYDE.

IMPRESSIONS OF KLONDIKE.

III.

THE scenery of Tagish and Marsh Lakes is not particularly interesting; the hills on the east side are far away from the water, and the shores on the west flat and muddy. There was not a breath of wind when we crossed Marsh Lake, and, as we could not use our sail, the nineteen miles seemed interminable. Though an experienced oarsman, I found the strain of continuous paddling very trying on arms, shoulders, and back, and it was a relief to enter the Lewes River, when, aided by the strong current, it did not take us many hours to reach the head of Miles Canyon. We had now come over ninety-five miles from the head of Lake Bennet or about eighty-six from our camping-ground on its shore. This distance we had made in two days and a half, not counting delays, and were rather proud of our performance, as we had been canoeing over lakes, and had only had a good wind in our favour on the afternoon we sailed down Lake Bennet.

The Canyon and White Horse rapids proved far too dangerous for our small heavily-loaded canoe, which I therefore sent round by the tramway that runs to the foot of the rapids; but, wishing to go through both canyon and rapids, I volunteered to take an oar in a boat of medium size, and was accepted. Our pilot, a half-breed, was a splendid boatman, and made a large sum of money by taking boats through this dangerous stretch of water.

The canyon is barely three quarters of a mile long, and not more than a

hundred feet wide, except about midway, where it opens into a circular basin some four hundred feet in diameter. Through this narrow gorge, with its grim perpendicular walls of basaltic rock rising on either side to a height of from seventy to a hundred feet, the water rushes with terrible force. The pressure is so great that the torrent is convexed, and on the crest of this roaring volume of water, which is very rough in places, we were swept through the canyon in less than three minutes. Though impressive from the shore, the canyon is much more striking in its depths, particularly when you pass out of the bright, warm sunshine into the gloom and chill of the frowning gorge.

If plenty of steering-way be maintained, and the pilot keeps his boat on the crest of the water, there is no danger in the canyon. To the inexperienced the basin frequently proved a difficulty, for the eddy is very strong, and a boat caught in it may be whirled about many times, or dashed against the rocks, before the central current can again be reached. The Sioux Rapids, just beyond, are far more perilous, and caused the loss of three lives the day before I went through. The water appears to rush with greater force through the lower than through the upper part of the canyon, and its speed over the Sioux Rapids can hardly be less than twelve miles an hour.

From here it was smooth travelling for a spell, and then, after two sharp turns, we shot into the leaping and foaming waters of the White Horse.

On either side are low walls of basalt, and as you near the foot of the rapids, where there is a sharp drop, the channel is narrowed by jagged ledges of rock, which seem to stretch out ravenous teeth to catch their prey. The last is the moment of greatest danger. Where the "jump-off" occurs the channel is not over fifty feet wide, and the torrent, piling itself up on both sides, leaps with great fury through the centre. If a boat be kept in the middle, and swung sharply to the right the instant after the drop, all danger is escaped; but to get out of the centre of the channel, to enter it slantingly, or to be caught in the tremendous eddy on the left below the rapids, is almost certain destruction. The distance from the head of the canyon to the foot of the White Horse Rapids is about two miles and a quarter, and the total fall is no less than thirty-two feet.

I stood on the banks for some time watching my fellow-travellers shooting the rapids. It was an exciting and a fascinating sight. Many of the men had little experience in the management of a boat, and none in the navigation of swift, rough water. The boats were of every size, shape, and build. There were flat ungainly scows, square fore and aft, with long sweeps both in front and behind; cranky "double-enders," sharply tapered at both stern and bow; structures that resembled huge collins, and too often proved death-traps; now and then strong, symmetrically-shaped boats, which showed at a glance the skill and experience of the builders; and, sometimes with only a solitary occupant, frail-looking Canadian canoes which, answering to every stroke of the expert hands, bounded through the flying waters, and seemed to mock the dangers about them. To watch the faces and demeanour of the men who filled these boats as they shot

the rapids was an impressive study. Some plied their oars with stolid determination, others with irregular futile strokes, which half maddened the man at the helm, whose hoarse commands to "pull, pull together," rose above the shriek of the swirling waters. In the stern stood the pilot, upon whose nerve and skill depended the lives and fortunes of all in the boat. Coatless and hatless, he stood with clenched teeth, hard-set lips, and wide staring eyes, his hair flying in the wind, and the half-blinding spray dashing in his face. Few went through those rapids without feeling they carried their life in their hands. Several women remained in the boats rather than be separated from those they loved in the time of peril, and their coolness and fortitude excited general admiration. To suppose that women cannot face danger without blenching is a mistake. It was a magnificent display of courage, and brought to my mind the stern lines of Montrose:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

The banks were lined with hundreds of spectators, who, like myself, had experienced the excitement of the voyage, and watched the fortunes of their fellows with eager eyes and absorbing interest. This was a drama of real life, with its uncertain chances, its inscrutable fate. Few scenes could move the heart more than the sight of those boats, filled with men and women determined to put life and fortune to the hazard; it thrilled the spectators, who watched for each result with bated breath, breaking into wild cheers for the successful, and rushing to render practical aid to the unfortunate.

Wrecks were numerous, but the

loss of life comparatively small, the estimate of the number of persons drowned at these rapids in 1898 being only thirty; when one remembers the many thousands of people who faced the dangers of the White Horse, and the very large number of boats swamped, or dashed to pieces against the rocks, the only wonder is that the loss was not much greater. The left shore, just below the rapids, was strewn with boats and ruined outfits when I arrived, and during my stay there were two wrecks, neither of them fatal, fortunately, though one man was rescued in an unconscious state, and another had a miraculous escape.

It requires a touch of imagination to realise what being wrecked meant to men hastening to the Klondike. To obtain means to reach the goldfields, where they believed fortune awaited them, most of these men had spent hard-earned savings, had left good positions, had mortgaged their little properties, had borrowed money, or had done other equally rash things. Each outfit represented a considerable sum, and nearly every boat months of labour, privation, and weary waiting. Many had perished on the passes, or had fallen victims to exposure and disease. Of those who started over the water-ways, not a few were broken in health, shaken in everything but their resolute determination to press onwards to the Eldorado of their dreams. Many had spent every penny they possessed upon the year's outfit they carried with them, while not a few had lost all their money through the wiles of sharpers, or through their own degrading and vicious habits. But to all these men, not less than to the enterprising trader hastening to Dawson with tons of goods of more value than most gold-mines, the loss of boats and stores came as a crushing blow. Those who witnessed it can alone appreciate

the pathos and the misery that marked the wild stampede of 1898 to the frozen North, or the fortitude with which the shattering of high hopes and the quenching of feverish expectations were borne. Of those wrecked on the water-ways some turned back, but the majority pressed on. There were always plenty of kindly offers of assistance, and the large-hearted benevolence shown to fellow-men in distress was one of the redeeming features of that frantic rush for wealth. Friends and acquaintances fought at every turn: no offer of money could induce people to do a day's work; but if anyone were in real difficulty, there was never any lack of ready and sympathetic helpers.

From the White Horse Rapids to Lake Labarge is about twenty-five miles, and the length of the lake is nearly thirty-two. Our journey was uneventful, except during the last few hours, when we experienced one of those storms that arise so suddenly on these lakes, and render their navigation by small boats extremely dangerous. The scenery here is very fine. At the head from three to four miles in width, the lake gradually narrows near the middle, expanding again at the lower end. We started in beautiful weather. There was not a cloud in the sky, and though there was a slight breeze against us, we made good progress. For the first time we began to realise that we were in a land of deceptive distances. The large island some thirteen miles from the head of the lake, on the western side, looked comparatively near by ten o'clock, and we estimated that we should land there for an early luncheon soon after eleven. It was two hours later, however, before we reached the low gravelly shore, and then only by plying our paddles with unceasing energy. The sky was still clear, and

though many times we wished for a wind in our favour, we congratulated ourselves upon having escaped the bad weather for which the lake has an evil reputation. After a hasty meal we skirted the eastern side of the island, which at its lower end is bold and rocky, and made for the middle of the lake. To the right, ahead of us, rose great dome-like masses of limestone, which are a striking feature of the rugged eastern shore, while far off in the distance we could see a series of peaks from two to three thousand feet in height. We had only made a few miles when the breeze shifted to the south, and we were able to raise our modest little sail. But from a stiff breeze the wind steadily increased in force; the lake grew rough, and the canoe shipped so much water that we deemed it prudent to make for the shore. It proved an impossible coast to land upon, and so we had no alternative but to keep on under the shelter of the masses of rock. A squall struck us so suddenly that I hardly had time to let go the sheet and save the canoe from being swamped. We took to our paddles again, but it was very slow, laborious work, and we were heartily glad when, just as it was getting dark, we made the mouth of Thirty Mile River, and secured a camping-spot for the night. We had covered some thirty-six miles, and the severe paddling had tired us both out, and rendered my left hand almost useless.

Only a few days later the dangers of Lake Labarge, from which we had escaped, overtook a man whom the Klondike could ill afford to lose. Among our fellow-passengers on the TARTAR from Vancouver to Skagway was a clergyman named Lyon. He was as fine a specimen of an English gentleman as one could hope to meet anywhere. Tall, slight, athletic, with fearless blue eyes, and

a particularly frank pleasant face, he won for himself the affectionate regard and respect of everyone on board ship. His was one of those large unselfish hearts which delight in doing good, and inspire others with hope and confidence. Everyone on the ship knew him; and though he was always a quiet, dignified gentleman, he was the life of the company. No one could tell a story better, or enjoy one more. His ready sympathy and interest in everything that concerned others, his manly manner, and robust, breezy common sense, gave him a strong hold over that strangely assorted company. The Sunday morning service he held on the TARTAR was crowded, and the simple, practical address to the congregation was listened to with remarkable attention. One could not help feeling that here was the right man in the right place, and that Mr. Lyon would exercise an extraordinary influence for good over the lives of the thousands of people flocking to Dawson. His strong personality, humanity, and strenuous religion, free from all taint of mawkishness, were admirably calculated to take the imagination captive, and touch the better emotions of a crowd of feverish gold-seekers. But he was not destined to carry out the missionary work in which he was so deeply interested. Through some mischance, the exact nature of which remains unknown, his canoe was swamped at the foot of Lake Labarge, and both he and a man who was with him were drowned. Some days afterwards his body was washed ashore, and was buried in a rude cemetery at the back of the Police Post. The route to the Klondike is studded with lonely graves, but there is none around which gather more pathos and regret than that of Walter Lyon.

Like the majority of our fellow-travellers we imagined that with the

crossing of Lake Labarge our difficulties came to an end; but Thirty Mile River proved to be one of the most dangerous parts of the journey. Everyone had been forewarned of the perils of the Canyon and White Horse Rapids; very few were aware of the risks attending the navigation of this swift river. Not only does the current run with great velocity, but the channel makes many sharp turns, and is dotted with rocks, some of which were just sufficiently covered with water early in June to render them a source of great danger. The swirling eddies of the river added to the difficulties of many, for only an experienced eye could discriminate these from the boiling caused by a swift current passing over submerged rocks. Though wrecks were not so numerous as at the rapids, at least three lives, and many boats with their contents, were lost in Thirty Mile River. The banks were strewn with signs of misfortune when we passed through, and as by far the larger number of boats followed us, accidents must have been of frequent occurrence.

After reaching the Hootalinqua River we parted company at one and the same time with danger and clear water. The remaining three hundred and sixty-two miles of our journey were over water-ways which grew more turbid and dirty every day, until we arrived at White River, some eighty miles above Dawson, from which point the Yukon River may justly be regarded by the unscientific as a vast stream of liquid mud. At first the water was only discoloured, and we washed in it reluctantly, and drank it with distaste; but as it grew thicker and thicker, until it hissed against the sides and bottom of the canoe, we turned from it with disgust, and stopped at every creek, all too few in number, to fill our vessels and

perform our ablutions. If the waters of the White River carried but a little more sediment than at present, it would need no miracle to turn them into dry land.

We had already passed two sets of Custom House officials, and it caused no little surprise and annoyance to everyone to be compelled to land and show their papers at Hootalinqua, Big Salmon, Little Salmon, and Fort Selkirk. This regulation, which should never have been made, was soon afterwards abolished. For large boats and scows it was very difficult to effect a landing at some of these places, and as the officials scrutinised our papers, and ordered us to report again at the next station, we felt as if we were travelling in Russia instead of in Canada. The object, no doubt, was to catch any boats which escaped the vigilance of the police at Tagish; but the regulation was none the less a vexatious one, and repeatedly had to be enforced by the high-handed and illegal proceeding of levelling a rifle at travellers who misunderstood, or attempted to disregard, the orders bawled at them from the shore.

The occupants of many of the larger boats and scows found plenty of difficulties to occupy them in their journey from the Hootalinqua to Dawson. The Yukon River is a puzzling maze of islands and bars, and, as the channel is constantly shifting, it is a trying river even for the expert navigator. But our little canoe slipped over everything, and, when we were able to hoist sail before a good breeze, almost flew downstream. The Five Finger Rapids, some two hundred and thirty miles above Dawson, are five masses of conglomerate rock stretching across the river, and divided by channels of varying width. They offer no serious obstacle to navigation, except when the water is very low or very high,

but as our canoe was heavily laden we thought it well to put on the canvas cover. It was fortunate we did so, for the plunge through the channel by the right-hand bank was worse than it looked, and we shipped enough water to drench the man in the bow. Six miles further on are the Rink Rapids, through which there is a channel on the extreme right where the water is smooth and fairly deep. From here to Dawson the main channel of the river is deep and unbroken; but it is by no means easy to follow owing to the many islands, and the bars at every turn afforded most of us plenty of excitement.

IV.

IN 1898 Dawson was a haphazard collection of log-huts, frame-buildings, and tents. From a sanitary standpoint the site of the town is one of the least desirable in the world. The land is low and marshy, and is shut in at the back by steep hills forming an almost perfect crescent, at one end of which are the bare cliffs through which the Klondike River has cut its way, and at the other a rugged bluff which stretches out into the Yukon. Owing to a landslide, which has left a huge circular gap near the top, this hill, hemming Dawson in on the north, is the most striking landmark in the district.

The distance between the two horns of the crescent is about a mile and a half, and along some two thirds of this frontage, where the river is not shallow, boats were tied up four and five deep. During part of the summer the population of Dawson was over twenty thousand, and as there were no streets, and no sanitary arrangements, nothing more horrible than the condition of the town at that time can be imagined.

Even if the authorities had had the will, they possessed neither the time nor the power to grapple with the difficulties that confronted them. In every department the staff of officials was inadequate, and too often it was incapable. It says much for the efficiency and energy of the small force on the spot that the police, who were called upon to perform multifarious duties with which they should have had nothing to do, maintained excellent law and order.

During the year I spent in the Klondike there was very little crime. Though a liberal percentage of criminals was not wanting, the people generally speaking were peaceful and law-abiding. Taken as a whole I should imagine it was the most orderly and well-behaved crowd ever seen in a mining camp. The cost and dangers of the journey undoubtedly excluded the rough element to a large extent. There was also too much hard work connected with a trip to the Klondike in 1898 to make it attractive to the average rascal, who is invariably averse from manual labour and hardship. Owing partly to the vigilance of the police, and partly, no doubt, to the difficulty of getting out of the country, the rogues and vagabonds who did reach Dawson were successfully held in check, and life and property were wonderfully secure.

The stream of humanity that flowed into the Klondike district in 1898 was fed by almost all classes and all nations. Of professional and well-educated men the number was surprisingly large; farmers, mechanics and sailors were numerous; merchants, bankers, speculators, journalists, the strenuous pioneer and the ne'er-do-wells of the world, the hardy workman and the raw hand, the young, the middle-aged, and the old,—all were there.

The sun seldom shone upon a more motley crowd. Of the nationalities, the American predominated; next in number came British subjects from every part of the Empire, including, of course, many Canadians; French, Germans, Swedes, Italians, and Russians made up a large element; and there was even a sprinkling of negroes, and of Japanese whose excellent cooking stood them in good stead. The only people conspicuous by their absence were the Chinese.

That most of the forty thousand people who flocked to the gold-fields would be disappointed was a foregone conclusion. The wealth of the district, though unquestionably large, had been ridiculously over-estimated; and very little was understood of the real difficulties to be overcome even if a valuable placer-mining claim were secured. That the number of such claims is very limited is now well-known; but that was not the case two years ago. Every yard of the Klondike district was supposed to contain gold in paying quantities; and the fabulous stories of the wealth of the Stewart, Pelly, and Salmon Rivers were too often accepted as authentic.

Of the people who went to explore these desolate regions few knew anything about prospecting or gold-mining except what they had read in newspapers and cheap guide-books; very few had any accurate idea of the labour and time necessary to prospect frozen ground. Thousands of men hoped to dig up nothing but nuggets, to obtain from £1 to £100 out of every pan of gravel they washed, or to gather a competence, if not a fortune, off river-bars. They did not even expect to have to undergo severe labour to obtain these fabulous results; they imagined that when once they had reached Dawson, or

any other point for which they were bound, most of their hardships would be at an end, that the gold would be easily found, quickly won, and a fortune made in a few weeks or months. Consequently there was mad haste to be the first on the spot. Men did not care what they dared, or what they endured, if they could only reach the Eldorado of their dreams before the majority of their fellow-travellers; and as they neared the end of their journey the fever and excitement increased.

The awakening for all these unfortunate people was a bitter one. In that perpetually frozen land they found it took days, and sometimes weeks, of hard labour to sink, with wood fires or heated rocks, two or three holes to the required depth, and when bed-rock was at length reached the promised gold was seldom found. Renewed efforts, except for those who located the few claims worth having which remained in the Klondike district, only led to fresh disappointment.

The prospectors forced their way up the swift rivers, where rowing was frequently impossible, poling their boats, or more often towing them along rotten over-hanging banks and round steep bluffs; here felling trees to make a pathway, there wading in icy cold water over bars and up rapids. At the mouth of every likely-looking creek the boat was tied up, and the party, having packed food, cooking utensils, and tools on their backs, each man carrying from fifty to a hundred pounds in weight, made forced marches inland to explore the stream. This packing, of which so much had to be done, none of the creeks being navigable even by a small canoe, was the hardest of hard work. Even without a pack, walking through swamps, woods, burnt timber, and

dense, drenching wet bush was extremely laborious. The ground was almost everywhere covered with thick spongy moss, which is more tiring than anything I know to walk over. When it was decided to sink prospect-shafts, repeated journeys had to be made to and from the boat to carry up supplies and blankets, which are needed even in the middle of summer.

In the bush the mosquitoes, and later in the season the small black gnats, were a torment by night and by day. There were few men who did not suffer cruelly from these pests, of which I do not believe anything that has ever been written is an exaggeration. At times I have seen the mosquitoes so thick that it was impossible to work. Strong gloves and veils afforded some protection, but no care enabled one to escape being constantly bitten; and as most of us found the bites exceedingly venomous and irritating, life was often rendered intolerable. Exasperating as these pests were in the day-time, they almost drove one frantic at night, making sleep impossible, or at best a luxury purchased at a heavy cost.

These were only a few of the hardships and discomforts men had to endure. Within a short time hundreds gave up the struggle and started for home; others camped at the mouth of every creek hoping to profit by the discoveries of the more industrious; thousands spent the summer in idleness and dissipation at Dawson, which at that time presented an extraordinary sight. Day and night the drinking, gambling, and dancing saloons were never closed,

and were nearly always crowded. The main street, a morass of filth, was thronged with idlers, lounging in every conceivable attitude or sitting on every available object.

Enfeebled by bad food, exposure, and unaccustomed toil, worn out by anxiety and broken by disappointment, many died, and hundreds sank into a state of hopeless despondency, from which even the approach of winter failed to rouse them. They lived on in tents, or wretched cabins, until the supplies brought with them were consumed, and then became a burden upon the charitable, or a charge upon the public funds. Out of the small revenues at their command the Administrative Council at Dawson during the winter of 1898-9 were forced to spend nearly £20,000 upon the care of the sick and indigent. Many of those relieved were, of course, worthless idlers, who never had worked and never would work; but the majority were men broken in body and in mind, the wrecks of the tide by which they had been swept on to the inhospitable shores of the frozen North, or men who, though willing and able to work, could find no employment in the glutted labour-market.

The number of deaths from typhoid fever, dysentery, scurvy, and other diseases, was appalling; and it was pitiable throughout the mining district to see scores of men, once strong and stalwart, now broken, emaciated, and doomed, the ghosts of their former selves. No one but those who witnessed it can appreciate the amount of human wretchedness which the rush to the gold-fields involved.

CHARLES C. OSBORNE.

(To be continued.)

THE SETTLEMENT OF SOUTH AFRICA.¹

It may be discouraging to think that the task of political reconstruction in South Africa may prove in its way as difficult as the trying war through which we have just passed ; but the thought may help us in the long run if the country realises, at last and at a great cost, how serious and important an inheritance our South African empire is. Ministers have been careless, the country has been indifferent, and South African questions have been thrown down on the floor of the House of Commons to be wrangled over and decided in a mere party spirit, with the inevitable result that disloyalists have won and patriots have lost. The time has now come to close this chapter of our Colonial history and begin anew in a chastened spirit. Not only must England's ministers take up the great task in the proper spirit, but the public at large, who are giving a mandate at this election, must try to understand the whole complex question. Dr. Farrelly's book should prove no slight help towards the elucidation of the problem. Holding the responsible position of Advising Counsel for the Transvaal Government during those eventful years between 1896 and 1899, he was naturally brought into close contact with the official clique at Pretoria, and was in the best position to have his finger upon the pulse of public opinion. With him also rested the interpretation of legal questions arising

under the Conventions of 1881 and 1884. He made it his business to travel frequently in all parts of South Africa and to collect evidence from every quarter. If Mr. FitzPatrick in *THE TRANSVAAL FROM WITHIN* has given us one side of the South African problem, Dr. Farrelly has given us another ; and it is not too much to say that he has given us even more to think about than Mr. FitzPatrick.

Dr. Farrelly's remarks cover two large fields,—the field of retrospection and the field of anticipation. This is as it should be in the case of South Africa for, surely, there is no single member of our scattered Colonial Empire which demands a more concentrated and thorough study. By the irony of fate it seems to have suffered more than any other colony from the fugitive impressions of visitors and even from their (doubtless unconscious) misrepresentations. There was none, indeed, who in an unconscious way did more harm by his speeches and writings than Mr. Froude, when travelling as Lord Carnarvon's accredited mouthpiece to further the cause of South African Confederation. He contrived to form some curiously false ideas of the real Boer, whose true character can be learned only by experience, and he was unfortunate enough to propagate them more widely than he knew. When Mr. Froude, in a fit of rhapsody, declared that he saw among the Boers young women who might have stepped from the canvas of Van Eyck, and young men who might have sat to Teniers, and then proceeded to connect these crea-

¹ *THE SETTLEMENT AFTER THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA*; by M. J. Farrelly, LL.D., Advocate of the Supreme Court of Cape Colony. London, 1900.

tures of his imagination with those Dutch sailors of the sixteenth century who had dyed the seas with the blood of the Spaniards, he was speaking to an audience, not only in South Africa but also at home, which took him at his word and believed both the picture and the genealogy to be true. He was only ridiculous when he quoted Horace to an audience of Boers, but he was dangerous when he told them in 1875: "English statesmen wish to leave you to yourselves, to leave you the full management of your own internal affairs whilst we confine ourselves to the protection of your coasts. . . . We protect you with our flag and with our fleet. . . . We ask you for nothing but the Imperial Station at Simonstown." This of course was impossible, but the seed cast by the hand of such a sower found root in many places. Years afterwards, in 1896, the idea was re-echoed in that most mischievous and foolish publication, *A FEDERAL SOUTH AFRICA*, by Mr. P. A. Molteno. "England will protect our sea-board," he wrote. "No Power can do it so effectively, no Power will do it so generously. She will earn her reward, our gratitude, the honour of founding and protecting the infancy of a great nation. . . . but for all internal questions between the Colonies and States . . . there we must be absolutely and entirely independent." Mr. Molteno, whose father was a worthy and respected sheep-farmer on the Karroo, is, it may be observed, of Italian extraction, and in no sense a descendant of the Dutch mariners of the sixteenth century.

Political propaganda are dangerous weapons to deal with, and a few words spoken publicly by a distinguished writer with a mission may so easily be used as a peg upon which to hang Republican theories and Separatist programmes. For the last

twenty years Afrikanerdom, by which must be understood Dutch and only Dutch Afrikanerdom, has raised its head in politics, reinforced by Hollander adventurers, Italian paupers, Irish Fenians, French Anglophobes, and the scum of Republican and Socialistic Europe. This can hardly have been the gallant nation Mr. Froude had in view, and we hope that with the disappearance of the Transvaal auxiliaries and mercenaries by way of Delagoa Bay we have seen the last of them.

Another English Professor has, as we know, more recently given us his impressions of South Africa, but it is clear that his words also must be modified by the light of recent events. It is to be noted, however, that many of his conclusions and much of his text, illustrating the growth of Republicanism, have been greedily appropriated by Mr. Molteno. Evidently we must be on our guard against English Professors travelling in South Africa; the young Afrikaner is, like Mr. Molteno, only too willing to dish the visitors up in a sauce of his own. Dr. Farrelly places us on our guard against these literary tourists when, in his estimate of the patient work of Sir Alfred Milner he writes: "After nearly two years of enquiry,—an eminent writer has been found who thinks six months sufficient—the High Commissioner apparently grasped the situation that there was a distinct purpose to oust the Imperial power from rule in South Africa and to substitute a Dutch-speaking Afrikaner dominion, separated from the Empire." As if to illustrate yet again the deceptive nature of South African politics, Dr. Farrelly admits in his preface (and this admission illustrates the honest and thorough nature of his investigations) that if he had written down his impressions of the country in 1897, two years after his arrival

in it, he would, nevertheless, have seen reason to modify them very gravely in 1899. It is worth noting that, to begin with, he had adopted Professor Bryce's general attitude towards the South African problem, and had imagined that time and patience would heal all differences. This view he found to be absolutely baseless. His inner experiences of the Afrikaners taught him that war was in their hearts: "mere quietism and inaction would never have averted it," he writes; and again, "the question was one only of time," for sooner than give up a Dutch Afrikaner Dominion the Dutch "would have deliberately gone to war."

Upon the constitution of this war-party Dr. Farrelly throws some new light. The men who were really most instrumental in fanning the flame were the young and educated Afrikaners. The most significant sign of coming trouble was really the replacement of Hollander by Afrikaner officials; even the Johannesburg people scarcely realised the political meaning of this step, for they long thought that the opinion of the educated Afrikaner was with the party of Reformers, and that it was really the Hollander gang who were forcing the late President's hand. But Dr. Farrelly, with much acumen and many proofs, points out that Mr. Kruger never allowed his hand to be forced by any one. With regard to the Hollanders, all those who have had a long acquaintance with South African life must remember that this particular class of European immigrant was not only unpopular with the Boers, but absolutely obnoxious to them. Mr. Kruger used the Hollanders, as he used every one else, for his own ends.

The Outlanders learned to know the weight of the Afrikaner's hand in October, 1899, when that abominable order for expulsion was signed

by Mr. Reitz, one of the founders of the Afrikaner Bond, and Mr. Smuts, the State Attorney, whose appointment to his position in the Transvaal was said to have been made on the recommendation of Mr. Hofmeyr, the leader of the Afrikaner Bond in Cape Colony. This worthy, at the time of the Bloemfontein Conference, was supposed to have been a kind of agent and *amicus curiæ* for the Cape Parliament. There was more than one *curia* in South Africa a year ago, and it would have been well if, at that time, Mr. Hofmeyr had made it clear as to which of them enlisted his greatest sympathies. At the Colonial Conference of 1887 he figured as a Cape delegate and proposed a plan for Imperial Defence at the Amphictyonic Council of our Empire. In 1899 did he, or did he not, warn the High Commissioner, or the Government at home, of certain military preparations in the countries beyond the Orange River or the Vaal? We would be glad to receive some information on this point.

For the young Afrikaner, who has shown himself an adept at intrigue and a past-master at the game of bounce, Dr. Farrelly, after an intimate acquaintance, has nothing but a well-grounded contempt. "Messrs. Reitz, Smuts and Fischer," he writes, "and the rest of the young Afrikaners have kept well outside the range of the British guns." The British public also are quite aware now of what is meant by "dying on the stoep;" and, without disparaging the courage of those who on some few occasions have stood squarely up to us, it is not unfair to say that the main aspects of this war towards its close have resembled a baboon-hunt among the rocks and caves of the Drakensberg and Lebombo ranges.

Dr. Farrelly's book is, as we have said, a retrospect as well as a forecast.

He is under no delusions as to the terrible official blunders made by British Administrators in the past. He throws the whole gloomy story into a separate chapter, and those who wish to grasp some of the salient points of South African history since British occupation had better study it; it will surely make them more wise in the future. Seventy years ago there was the astounding policy, suggested by missionaries, of surrounding Cape Colony with a ring of independent States, an idea absolutely impracticable in itself and abandoned on the first show of Boer resistance. There were the constant changes of policy with regard to the Basutos, ending with that disastrous Disarmament Act and gun-war of 1882, which cost Cape Colony (Dr. Farrelly might have added) four millions sterling. There was incessant vacillation about Natal, and the issuing of constant and idle proclamations to the Boers on the question of the right emigration gave them to discard their citizenship. There was the Sand River Convention which left the Boers an opening; and, surely, in later times, there could never have been anything more feeble and futile than allowing the Pretoria Convention of 1881 to be replaced by the London Convention of 1884. Dr. Farrelly's opinion on the question of suzerainty is worth noting as he thinks that it was really abandoned, and most certainly the British Cabinet of the day acted as if it were a dead letter. But subsequent revelations have proved that the signatories of the Convention of 1884 were either hopelessly ignorant of the true state of South African politics or, like Lord Derby, supremely indifferent to them.

All this vacillation is useful to remember, for there must be no more of it. The result has been to nerve the arm of the Boers and to paralyse

our own. Even loyal British Colonists had ceased to believe in the official declaration of England; not once but many times their loyalty has been strained to the breaking-point, and to recover their confidence and to win their support, it is probable that England will have to make a sharper and more thorough distinction between loyalty and disloyalty than, as an Imperial Power holding the scales between different races, she would have wished. There is a balance of compensatory justice still owing to the loyalists, and there is a vast amount of real loss to make good. In the American War England made very substantial rewards of land to the United Empire Loyalists, and she must act in the same spirit in South Africa if she desires to encourage that wholesome growth of loyalty.

Herein also lies a danger ahead, for it must never be forgotten that there is, and always has been, a considerable residuum of loyal Dutch Afrikaners; and justice will therefore have to be of a very cautious and discriminating character. Perhaps the most disagreeable element to be faced in the whole matter will be the decayed Cape Colony politician who, renegade Briton as he is, has trimmed persistently while fattening on Boer prejudices. Fortunately, with the practical extinction of that abominable political organisation, the Afrikaner Bond, which, like a noxious octopus, had its feelers all over the Orange River and Transvaal territories, the type will cease to reproduce itself. In these conquered territories its existence should be absolutely prohibited by law.

With Dr. Farrelly's appreciation of Sir Alfred Milner we can heartily agree. We are glad to have it upon such first-rate evidence that his methods during and after the Bloemfontein Conference were, if anything,

too patient. We can recommend this conclusion to all those who have persistently tried to misrepresent the methods of the Colonial Office and the action of Sir Alfred. Indeed, it is not easy to realise the difficulties which the latter had to fight in his dual capacity of Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner of South Africa. His hands were tied at every turn. If the Cape (Afrikaner) Ministry disagreed with any measures he thought fit to adopt for the public safety, it was of course open to him to do what Sir Bartle Frere had done before him and to dismiss them; but we can all remember what an outcry there was at the time, and how Sir Bartle Frere incurred the venomous rage of the Molteno-Merriman coalition, a rage which has descended to a younger and more feeble generation. We can remember also how at home Sir Bartle Frere earned the reputation of being a prancing Proconsul from the mouths of irresponsible demagogues, whose pernicious influence is only now being extinguished for ever. Sir Alfred Milner, then, might have well paused before taking such a step as the dismissal of the Schreiner Ministry. And thus that Ministry, in spite of many questionable incidents, such as the importation of rifles and ammunition through Cape Colony to the Free State, in spite of the culpable accumulation of rolling-stock in the Republics, and in spite of the culpable negligence which left Mafeking defenceless, prolonged its precarious existence until the Boer mask was thrown off and the insolent ultimatum was flung in England's face.

But if the High Commissioner had been able to act in a more direct manner in Cape Colony, he might have taken better measures of defence without running the risk of offending the Afrikaner Ministry at Cape

Town. In fact the High Commissionership, as it exists at present, is an anomaly. In the settlement of South Africa Dr. Farrelly points out that there should be a complete reorganisation of the office, and such minor modifications of the local constitution as may be required.

The problem is too complex, the issues are too dangerous to be left altogether in local hands. The community, torn by racial and British dissensions, confronted everywhere by an overwhelming majority of Kaffir tribes, distracted by an anti-British propaganda striving to expel the Imperial power, the centre, too, of operations of world-finance, turning round the vast South African product of gold and diamonds, which, for the safety of the Empire, must not be allowed to come completely under the control of cosmopolitan capitalists, a community such as this is not one in which the welfare of the Empire can be with safety entrusted to local hands without Imperial guidance. A community, too, the protection of whose coasts, the integrity of whose territory has lately been effected, once again, at the expenditure of tens of millions of Imperial treasure and thousands of lives of Imperial soldiers.

Dr. Farrelly suggests, therefore, that the High Commissioner should become Governor-General of South Africa with a direct authority from Parliament, and holding, as in India, the superintendence, direction, and control of the whole civil and military Government. He is careful to mark that the Indian precedent need not be closely followed in the powers delegated to the Governor-General, or in the nomination of a possible Council for South Africa. In view of colonial susceptibilities it is wise to make this clear; for the charge against Sir Bartle Frere was that he aimed at governing South Africa on Indian lines. However the change is a drastic one, and whether we wait for South African Confederation or not, it is clear that something will have to be

done, and done soon. Everyone must perceive that the solution of the problem is not only difficult but that it is unique; and, therefore, we cannot be guided by precedent elsewhere, whether in India or in our self-governing colonies. Not many years ago, and especially during the debates which preceded the Bechuana-land expedition of 1884-5, there was much use in Cape Colony of the now historic phrase, *eliminating the Imperial factor*. In the minds of many of those Afrikaners who used this phrase there was much disloyalty, but at the same time the idea underlying these words found ready acceptance fifteen years ago among those British colonists who had grown tired of the everlasting see-saw of party politics at home. In addition, there were not wanting those who took up the phrase for purposes of their own in South Africa.

It was not altogether clear whether the Imperial factor wished to be eliminated or not from South Africa at that particular crisis. The signatories of the London Convention of 1884 had shown themselves absolutely indifferent to the best interests of our South African Empire, and there was hardly any adequate allusion to that vital change of Convention in the House of Commons: the matter was dealt with a little more fully in the other House, and Lord Salisbury uttered some memorable criticisms when he suggested that the new name of the South African Republic might mean more than appeared on the surface; but it was eventually dropped, little or no interference being offered to the treaty-making power of the Crown. Presently the Convention was put aside, out of sight and mind, only to be revived and scrutinised feverishly many years afterwards when the controversy about the Preamble and the Suzerainty

clause arose. Then at last we knew how much Lord Derby, Lord Rosmead, and the rest had given away.

Another very grave misconception of South African politics has arisen from the continued application of a false and misleading Colonial analogy. How often have we heard the Cape and Canada compared! How often has a parallel been drawn between the disaffected French peasantry of the Quebec Valley and the Boer farmers of the *veld*! How often have we been asked to treat the Boers as if they were simple Acadian peasants struggling for constitutional freedom and needing only the pleasant salve of another Durham Report to make them all loyal! But the Papi-neau Rebellion of 1837 was very different in motive and conception from the carefully planned war of aggression which aimed at destroying the British Empire in South Africa. The Canadian rising was a mere holiday prank in comparison with the Boer war. Nor is there any likeness, historical or otherwise, between the Calvinistic Boer of South Africa and the Roman Catholic peasantry of the Quebec Valley. One of the deepest causes of difference between Boers and British lay of course in the official attitude of their respective governments to the natives. According to the old Boer *Grond Wet* the native was expressly excluded from equality in Church and State, in other words, he was stamped for ever as the Gibeonite of society; and these disabilities applied not only to the African-born natives but also to such a class as the Indian immigrants and the Mahomedan traders who found their way to the Transvaal from the Natal coast. Here was of course a fruitful source of friction with the British Government who naturally desired to secure favourable treatment for the Indian coolies, and others, as British

subjects. Dr. Farrelly rightly emphasises that point when he fearlessly asserts that under the old Boer Government the commissioners for native affairs had been permitted to practise extortion, injustice, and cruelty upon those under their jurisdiction. In fact the two systems of government, the Boer and the British, could never exist together in South Africa, and confusion in the long run would inevitably have been the result had war been staved off for a few years. Quoting a letter from a leading Johannesburg, Dr. Farrelly writes: "The question of the treatment of the natives in the form of the admission or not of the coloured people to political and civil rights still constitutes the main cause which tends to maintain the separation of the Dutch and the English." This must never be forgotten. The difference is one not of degree but of kind between the two races, and can never be bridged over. It is one of the deep causes which made a Boer war inevitable. If English Radicalism, which prides itself upon its humanitarianism and broad views of man's rights, could once have realised this fundamental point, there would not, let us hope, have been a single pro-Boer vote throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Upon the two important classes of subsidiary questions which now await solution in South Africa, those relating to language and land, Dr. Farrelly offers some decided and most useful remarks. "On one point," he writes, "there should be no uncertainty. English should be the official language in every department of the administration, in the public offices, and in the Law Courts." This deliberate opinion should be recommended to a large number of charitable and broad-minded people at home who, not wishing to make

defeat too bitter a pill to the Boers, are inclined to allow the official use of both Dutch and English. There are many strong reasons against this. In the first place the Dutch Afrikaners have used the language-question during the last twenty years as a political lever against England; they have openly said that the concession, on this head, of 1882 was merely a beginning of their campaign against the British; and we know this campaign by its results. Secondly, there is no real grievance in making English the sole official language because nearly every Boer with the smallest smattering of education understands it already, and the Boer women understand it even better than the men; there can therefore be no hardship such as might be imagined if the case of the Boers was like that of the Finns who have been commanded to use Russian. Thirdly, the Dutch language commonly known as the Afrikaner Taal is nothing but a local patois, with no literature or history of its own. What is known as High Dutch at the Cape is the Dutch of the pulpits and seminaries. But outside the church and the school the average Boer speaks nothing but *Kitchen* or *Hottentot* Dutch. To preserve the French language for French Canadians is an entirely different matter. Fourthly, the Dutch Afrikaners have completely cut the ground from under their feet by their own legislation in the past towards the French Huguenots, and, more lately, in the Transvaal, by their exclusive and high-handed treatment of the whole question. We are not surprised, therefore, to note that in Cape colony itself there is a tendency among the English-speaking members of the Cape Assembly to repeal the Act of 1882, and, reverting to the old order of things, to demand

the sole use of English in an English Colony.

This question of language is a far more important one than appears on the surface and in any new system of education framed for use in the Orange River and Transvaal Colonies English text-books and English histories alone should be allowed. The Boer is amazingly prejudiced and illiterate, and if we allow his education to be conducted on Dutch Afrikaner lines we shall infallibly lose him. Dr. Farrelly has noted, perhaps in too sweeping a way, but truly enough in the case of schools and seminaries conducted by the Dutch Reformed Church, that "The South African Educational Institution, judged by the fruits of their training the minds of their *alumni*, can only be described as an anti-British forcing-house." Considering how much England has conceded to Dutch sentiment in the past, how ready she has been to listen to the slightest grievance, how fair her rule and how just her sway, it is clear that she has been rewarded by

the most gross and base ingratitude. One chapter is closed: another has now to be commenced; but we have learned our lesson.

With firm and careful handling the South African problem need not be insoluble. Administration has its triumphs no less than war. It will be strange indeed should England fail here when she has succeeded so admirably in every other quarter of the globe. Sir Alfred Milner has, as Dr. Farrelly remarks, the sovereign virtue of patience, while knowing when and how to act. Englishmen must not weary of South Africa now the war is over, but learn to understand it as one of their greatest responsibilities. And to understand it, with all its anomalies, its contradictions, its dark chapter of ambition and intrigue in the past, as well as to form a judgment on its position and requirements in the future, they can have no better assistance than Dr. Farrelly's book. It is one of the best and truest volumes that has yet been printed on South Africa.

A LOVELY SENTIMENT.

THE Princess lay back in her chair, holding up her parasol very prettily with both her jewelled hands. The sun was setting, and the whole marvellous stretch of the *campagna* spread before us bathed in waning pink light, while the sea-breeze wafted up to us all the perfume of the rose-gardens that lay beneath the old marble terrace.

It was a wonderful old villa, such a one as only the fancy of a man of exquisite taste and boundless wealth, like Cardinal Conti, could have conjured up in the golden days of Papal grandeur, when the riches of the world poured into the Roman coffers, to be turned into marble and stone by Bernini and Fontana and Michael Angelo and Pierni del Vega; an old-world garden, where the youth of the new spring seemed to wed with the centuries of the past, clambering in thousands of roses up the ruins of the old aqueduct, and covering with wisteria what still remained of Galba's palace.

"You say that you find L'Acquaia a good deal changed, Stelio," said the Princess; "and I fear not for the better in your opinion. You artists are such strange creatures; you like everything to be in a state of ruin. I verily believe, by the fuss that you've all of you made about the changes in Rome, that you would like us all to live in the cellars of the Palatine, and to plant creepers over the fronts of our palaces. You are delightfully inconsistent people; for your studios are models of snug homes, and there is no luxury and no innovation that

is not to be found in your houses. But to us, poor commonplace mortals, you will not even allow the comfort of electric light and decent cleanliness."

I smiled. "Surely, Princess, you exaggerate."

"Oh, no," she said, as she played with the mother-of-pearl handle of her parasol. "When Lenbach came last year to Acquaia and asked what had become of the little chapel, he raised his hands in horror when I said that I had turned it into a bathroom. And mind you, it was not a religious horror; for I had told him that we had obtained the Holy Father's permission, and that a new chapel had been built in the Orangery. No, no, he declared, it was an action worthy only of an American,—whatever reproach he meant by that."

"You see," I explained, "Americans have no sentiment; they are made up expressly for modern life. They would tell you, I dare say, that we people of the old Continent with our traditions are as lumbering as antediluvian elephants."

"You say," said the Princess, "that Americans have no sentiment? There I'm thoroughly at variance with you. Of course I know that they were really created to ride in tramcars and speak into phonographs; but I think that they were created too for the advantage of us Europeans. Why, what should we do with all our old pictures and our old titles without Americans to buy them? And as for sentiment, I assure you that they have it. Senti-

ment comes over the ocean as well as petroleum and bananas. Now I'll just tell you a little story."

As she spoke she closed the lace parasol and leaned back in her rocking chair. The old triton in the middle of his white marble basin kept blowing his shower of rain over the water-lilies with a sound as of music.

"You remember the old terrace at the bottom of the garden? I never saw anything very wonderful in it; but then, as you know, I never do see anything that I think pretty except at Viot's,—the old crumbling terrace all covered with lichen—oh, yes, surely you do!—down by the statue of the armless Diana, the poor maimed thing holding out her two stumps to the yellow mimosa bush? Well, to-morrow go down there. You will find a nice new spick-and-span terrace of Carrara marble, and a Diana with two good sound arms. In one hand she even holds a bow, a most forbidding bow; all the birds must be frightened at it, I think, for they no longer sing as they used to sing down there. The old mimosa-bush, too, has died. But to my taste, the place looks much prettier and tidier and *healthier* than it did; I always associate ruins with fever. Well, you will say to yourself when you see all this,—'What on earth has happened to the Contis! Have they discovered a coal-mine that they should throw away so much money on this ridiculous out-of-the-way corner of an old garden?' Not a bit, my dear friend. It is all due to the land of Stars and Stripes, and yet the story has something pathetic in it.

"You know the villa is sometimes shown to strangers. English and Americans often ask to see it; they go to Paul's secretary and get an order. Well, once a benighted traveller from

San Francisco, or St. Louis, or some other prairie saintship, came to Rome; and old Van der Bosh, who was then ambassador, not knowing what to do with the creature, sent him one day to the most secluded of all the Roman villas,—just, I suppose, to get breathing-time from his society. Silas Block started on the most eventful trip that he ever took, and arrived at Acquafredda tired, hot, and feeling terribly lonely and bored. The housekeeper showed him everything that there was to be seen, it appears—even to my dresses! We were at Monte Carlo for a few days. When he had seen all the Venuses and all the old frescoes, poor man, he pulled out his watch and it was only two o'clock, and the train was not to leave Anzio till six. Poor Silas begged to be left to wander in the garden, and I suppose that a handsome tip shut the housekeeper's eyes to the transgression. Silas was left to wander. Fate took him down past the rose-garden to the shubbery, and past the shubbery to poor armless Diana's bower. But ere he reached that, he was lost. For on one of the old stone benches sat a beautiful girl, dressed all in white, with glossy dark hair and the pink and white complexion which only an Irish girl can have. Silas stopped and drew in his breath. He did not know whether he was dreaming or not. For a long long time he gazed, slowly drinking in the deadly poison of love that is never more deadly than when one is bored. And Silas was waiting for the six o'clock train!

"Suddenly the girl looked up, blushed vividly at seeing the look in his eyes, and rose as if about to leave. But Silas had not stopped bushrangers with an unloaded Colt's revolver for nothing. He took off his hat and stated the case to the girl clearly in a matter-of-fact way. He told her who he was, how he came to be there,

and asked her to have pity upon him till six o'clock.

"Her pity extended far beyond that hour; for when we returned a few days later, the English governess was the affianced wife of the American millionaire. The affair made some stir at the time, and we all took a violent interest in it; for my own part, I confess to a feeling of envy that was in my heart when I thought of my two sisters still unmarried. I suppose, though, that they might have sat for months under the protection of the armless Diana uselessly; some girls have no luck. So Mrs. Silas Block left the old world for the new, where she sailed her own yacht and became an unmitigated success. As for Silas, he simply worshipped the ground that she trod on; he would have covered it with gold at her asking. But there is nothing more dangerous than to have all that one wants; it is as fatal as the decree of 'Let the prisoner go' in the time of Marat and Danton. The poor little thing suddenly sickened and died.

"Silas was inconsolable; they say he was nearly out of his mind. His children gave him no comfort; they were nothing to him. We did not see him till many months after, and even then he looked sadly changed. And now we come to the most touching part of my story. He did not know how to say it, poor man, but after a long preamble he asked Paul whether anything would persuade him to part with the terrace and the old broken-down Diana.

"Can't you imagine Paul looking very serious and laughing under his long moustaches at the American's *naïveté*? As if there were anything, anything in the wide world that Paul would not sell! He is quite as good

as any American at driving a bargain. He demurred, of course: it was very, very hard, he said, for him to sell his dearly-loved terrace, which his ancestor had built, of which his wife was so fond; but out of consideration for the deep and beautiful sentiment which prompted Silas to buy it, he would part with it for a small price, a merely nominal price, one hundred and fifty thousand francs, really a sum not worth speaking of, only the American must put up a new terrace in its place, an exact reproduction of the old one."

"For future Contis to sell," I observed.

"Just so," said the Princess. "So the old broken-down terrace was packed off to America, where Silas has put it up in a park all walled in on every side, of which he only has the key, and where he passes many an hour gazing at poor armless Diana,—who stood the sea-journey better than you or I would have stood it!"

"I wonder how she likes the Americans," I ventured.

We wandered slowly down through the rose-garden, past the rushing water that for so many centuries had been the voice of *Acquaia*, to the green nook where the brand-new Diana reigned supreme. Somehow the spirit of the place had gone. Yes, there was the spick-and-span new terrace, a perfect reproduction; but the soul of the place was there no longer.

"And now, just tell me," said the Princess, "don't you really think that Americans have sentiment?"

"Perhaps they are getting," I answered, "what we are losing."

"That may be," cried the Princess. "But Paul paid his own debts and mine with the American's sentiment, and I think it a *lovely* sentiment!"

GALLANT LITTLE WALES.

ONE pleasant afternoon I was leaning over my garden-gate, smoking a cheerful pipe and watching the shadows of the clouds dapple with broad bands of delicious purple the sunny valley below, when a man came to the foot of the steps and smiled up at me. It was Rhys Nant yr Onen, brown-faced and bright-eyed, looking unwontedly smart for a week-day in new homespun and carrying a genteel walking-stick, in place of his customary five-foot sheep-staff. He has a belief (which the facts do not justify) that he can speak English, and he wrestled dreadfully in that language awhile, before he fell into his own tongue and we came to an understanding. It then appeared that he had been appointed *gwahoddwr* (that is to say, inviter) to desire people to attend a marriage which was to take place between John Ty'n y Pant and Margaret Fron-wen, and was now on his round bidding the folk of the mountain gather to the wedding. Just as he finished his address to me, two women, an old and a young one, came down from the bog where they had been turning peats. Rhys proffered his invitation and it was received by the older woman with a snarl.

"Never in the world," she cried; "I wouldn't go near the place."

"Oh, Mari," says Rhys soothingly; "come, now, you'll never be so hard on them as that. Two young people in the flower of their age and anxious to see all their friends about them. Come, now," and his voice flowed on in the smooth, soft, sonorous speech of the mountain, barely touching the

gutturals, just suggesting them, and letting them slide, as always when coaxing and cajoling.

"Me!" cried the old woman, shaking a skinny fist, and flashing her great black eyes on the inviter; "when you know very well, Rhys, how that family served me. Me go to the wedding! I wish them"—and she ran off easily and swiftly into wishes I do not care to translate.

"No, no, Mari," murmured the peacemaker; "you do not mean that really. And mind you, John is no blood-relation to that man; he is only a relation by marriage, and that is very different."

"Yes, aunt," said the younger woman, "there is no blood in the matter; and Margaret has always been a friend of ours."

Old Mari glared from one to the other as if struck a little by this view, and they closed upon her from each side to talk, and argue, and soothe; and Rhys proved himself the very man for his task by finally conquering her prejudice against the bridegroom and wringing from her a consent to appear at the wedding.

The women went away down the road and Rhys looked up at me with a grin. "Indeed," said he, "I was wrong in asking old Mari without going more carefully about it. John's uncle by marriage ought to have wedded Mari, and it had slipped from my memory. Never mind, I won in the end, and I am very glad of it."

"Why in particular, Rhys?"

"Well, sir, there's the present for the young folks, that's one thing;

the more I can get to the marriage the better start for them. And I was not willing at all to let old Mari go in a bad temper, for she might overlook them and spoil their luck."

The Evil Eye is firmly believed in among my mountain neighbours, and Rhys strikes down to the river and up the hill beyond to the farm on the crest perfectly satisfied with his last effort on behalf of the young couple. The choice of a *gwahodder* is a matter to which the young folks for whom he acts have given careful thought. In their selection they are guided by an old and excellent maxim, which I translate from the vernacular: "He must be ready and witty in answer, one gifted of speech when delivering his message, and a real and genuine friend of the young couple, lest he should be doing them mischief instead of forwarding their interests among their neighbours." And in choosing Rhys it is certain they have not done badly.

On the morning of the wedding (it was Friday, of course; everybody on the mountain gets married on a Friday;) I rambled across to Fronwen, the home of the bride. The farm lies just under the ridge and looks down into the valley as a man looks out of an attic-window into the street. Its land is fairly level for all that, since it lies along some ledges and a team can always plough one way; very few people about the mountain can turn and plough up and down. The place was quiet, for the bridegroom and his party had not yet arrived. I saw a small boy, posted as if to watch, slide down a bank and run for the house, and I felt some delicacy in approaching nearer, for they might be engaged in packing away the bride and I had no wish to spoil sport. A wall of stone and earth, crested with thick, dry moss,

offered a comfortable seat, and, perching myself aloft, I filled a pipe.

It was a lovely summer morning, the landscape already quivering in the clear, strong heat, the hills veiled in misty sapphire. Looking to the great mountains crumpled in jagged peaks, and fold upon fold of huge knotted ridges away to the north, I saw a compact black-blue patch slipping swiftly southwards. It was a thunder-storm travelling down the further side of the valley, drawn there by the higher hills. From the height where I sat the whole storm was seen at once, the country bright before and behind it. It moved with wonderful speed. You fixed your eyes, perhaps, on a village straggling along a broad flank of a distant mountain-slope, its lime-washed cottages shining white and vivid in the sun. As you looked they grew dim, dimmer, vanished; and you could fancy the roar of the rain on their roofs as the huge drops pelted from that inky cloud. The black, velvety pall flew on, and soon they reappeared, the wet roofs taking the sun and sparkling like jewels. On this side the blue was serene and unbroken; scarce a breath of air stirred, and the nearest thunder-drop was full five miles away.

The sound of many voices singing came to my ears, and I looked round. The bridegroom and a large party of his friends marched into sight over a fuzzy ridge and bore down upon Fronwen chanting joyously. I sprang into the path and went towards the house, reaching the farmyard as they poured in by another gate.

The bridegroom, at the head of his friends, advanced to the door of the house where the bride's party was drawn up, and demanded his partner. They replied that they knew nothing about her, and mocked at the idea that they should or would tell him aught if they did. Upon this he gave

the word to his friends, and all the young fellows spread about in eager search for the missing girl. This is all part of the ceremony. On the mountain it is not etiquette for the lady to exhibit indecent haste to get married. She must feign coyness if she does not possess it; she must appear to dodge the wedding-ring, and give the lovesick swain all the trouble she can to get her to the altar. The first step lies in the hands of her friends, who hide her as skilfully as they know how, and great is the scorn cast upon the hapless bridegroom and his train when they fail to discover the spot in which she has been bestowed, and have to resort to entreaty and beg for a clue.

Into the house, first of all, poured the searchers and ransacked every room from kitchen to garret, then the dairy, the cowhouse, the stables, the granary, the barn, the henhouse, turning over heaps of hay, tossing aside bundles of straw cunningly disposed to look like hiding-places, hunting here, hunting there, but all in vain. Meanwhile the bride's friends spurred them on with jests and taunts, made loud sport of their efforts, laughed, shouted, clapped their hands, danced with delight as the baffled seekers ran hither and thither, till the hillside rang again with the babel of outcries and merriment.

At last the bridegroom turned at bay, the sweat pouring down his face, and his bodyguard drew about him. "Look here, William," he cried to his prospective father-in-law; "she's not about the place. She's gone away; that's why we can't find her."

"No, John, my boy, no, no!" roared William, beating his hands together with a mighty laugh, and his party echoed him. "As sure as we stand here, she's close to us. She's looking at you this very minute."

Eyes were darted at every point

from which the yard could be spied upon, at the windows of the house, the long slits which admitted air to the stables and granaries, and the square openings where hay was pitched to the lofts. Away they sprang once more, resolved to avoid the disgrace of defeat and heartened by William Fron-wen's assurance.

I stood in the sunshine among the laughing spectators, but among the winks and jests I could gather no clue as to Margaret's nook, and could only await developments and hope she had not found too secure a hiding place as did hapless Meinir, famous in story. Meinir is one of many a Ginevra of Welsh legend. She was a gay, happy young lass who ran to hide from her lover on her wedding morn as Margaret had run now, but told none of the place she had in mind. At a little distance from her house stood an aged oak into which she climbed and fell, for the trunk was hollow. Many a day passed, spent by her wretched lover in frenzied search, until a day came, a day of dreadful storm, when he could search no longer but dragged himself weak, and weary, and dying to the old oak, their loved trysting-place. Here he breathed a prayer that he might be blessed with one glimpse of her before he died wherever she might be, or whatever guise she wore. This prayer was granted. A levin-bolt flashed from heaven and tore in splinters the withered oak, and the lovers were face to face. But what a tryst was theirs! He sinking under the lightning-stroke, she a ghastly skeleton, green with mould, the mildewed tatters of her wedding-garments alone proclaiming her the unhappy Meinir to those who found them, and laid the luckless lovers in one grave, their bones united in death.

Well, well, this is not a very cheerful story to muse over on so glowing

a morning while half a score of flushed young fellows are hot on the traces of to-day's bride. Besides, the sly look of knowledge on the faces around me assures her another fate than Meinir's.

Up-stairs, down-stairs, in my lady's chamber, in and out and round about, aloof and aloft they searched and searched, and still they found no sign of Margaret, while louder and shriller rose the laugh of those who had baffled them so cleverly. And then she was found; by pure accident it was, and though they secured the bride, they had no credit for it.

One active youth saw a large round hole shaped in the wall of the granary. He fancied it led to a part where search was impossible since that end of the building was packed solidly with hay. "They have put a ladder up there," he thought, "pulled some of the hay out, and stuffed her in, and we could not reach her from the other end." He did not wait for a ladder himself for there was a peat-stack handy to the opening, and from the top of it he believed he could leap in. At the peat-stack he went with a will and began to scramble up it. It gave way under him at once, and down he rolled; a great shower of peats rolled after him, and his friends set up a mighty shout of joy for the bride was found. She had been within arm's length of them all the time, and they were compelled to acknowledge the skill of a device before unthought of. Two gates had been brought in from the fields and leaned against the granary-wall. They had served to shelter the girl, and then a score of willing hands had quickly built her in with peats. With such deftness do the people of the mountain handle the brick-shaped blocks that the stack looked as firm and rounded and solid as if it had been peats right through, instead of a mere skin of them skilfully disposed

over the framework afforded by the gates.

John Ty'n y Pant sprang forward and drew the blushing girl from her concealment, and the whole place rang with boisterous repartee. Still it was far from plain sailing with the bridegroom yet. Margaret drew away from him, and some of her friends began to disparage John's appearance and character and draw gloomy pictures of the woes of the married state. His friends came manfully to his rescue and painted him as at once an Adonis and a Bayard; but the matter was finally settled by the bard with whom John had furnished himself. Nothing is done on the mountain without poetry. The population are minor poets to a man, and our stock of hills and lakes scarcely supplies sufficient bardic names to go round. For the poet does not sign his own commonplace name to his lines, Evan Evans, or Ebenezer Jenkins, or John Jones; no, he takes the name of the crag, or moor, or lake near which he lives, and beneath whose shadow or beside whose shore he walks and shapes his rolling verse.

John Ty'n y Pant had shown the sense which lay packed away in his red head by his choice of a bard. Craig yr Eryr (Eagle's Crag) was a tall, handsome lad, young, burning to distinguish himself in the lists of poetic fame, and in love himself. For weeks past he had been hammering at John's commission, and, but a few days before, I had heard a scrap of it, for crossing Rhos yr Hafodglas, a bleak windswept piece of moorland folded about a gaunt rib of the mountain, I had met Craig yr Eryr in search of his father's sheep. He was swinging along, chanting his verse in a lofty sing-song, his bright, black eyes burning, his dark handsome face aglow, and he passed me at six yards

and saw me not. Writing, burning, re-writing, to the peats again, at last he had shaped his verses to his wish; and then, ho for the little shop down the mountain to purchase a sheet of fair foolscap, price one halfpenny! For everything up to now has been done on blue and red sugar-bags, neatly opened out with a clasp-knife. Then the stanzas have been squeezed in double columns on the sheet,—for our bards do not let us off with a few careless twangs of the lyre; and there it is, done up in a roll and tucked into the inner pocket of his jacket from which the end sticks out proudly above his collar and proclaims his lofty errand. He draws it out and opens the paper with a caressing touch, running his eye critically over the lines as if he did not know them by heart, and obtains at once a respectful silence. He begins to read, and the attention is profound. Clear, sonorous, musical, his voice rings out stanza after stanza, and the verses are undeniably good. He draws with minute, delicate touches a picture of a lonely life on the mountain where no two houses stand together, where to live alone is to live in a desert; he paints the wild winter-storm which converts every dwelling into a prison and wraps the solitary in a double mantle of dreadful solitude. This it is to live alone. Then he turns the shield and shows "*y Bwthyn bach tŷ gwellt ar gesail y Fron* (the little thatched cottage in lee of the hill)" ringing with cheerful sounds and laughter, and childish faces pressed with glee to the window to watch the tempest which, doubly cruel to the solitary, shuts them in but to a pleasant privacy of storm. And so, with handsome tributes to the principal characters of the day, he swings along through some thirty verses, till he stops and draws breath in a profound silence, which is not interrupted

and which is to be taken as a great compliment.

The hard, laughing lines have smoothed out of the wrinkled, sun-burned faces of the women: the men nod critically as the poet makes his points; and things fall into serious order at once. William Fron-wen steps forward to welcome the company as if they had just arrived and refreshments are offered. The next thing is to form the procession and set off to the church.

At the head of the bridal procession walked the bridegroom with a supporter on each side. Then followed a merry train, and at the rear came the bride under guard of the groom's two most particular friends. Their duties will be explained presently.

The first farm we came upon after reaching the road was Lliartmaengwyn (the Gate of the White Stone). Here they were ready for us, and in a trice a ladder was run across the narrow road and braced firmly against tree-trunks. This brought the procession up, and there was no passing until the bridegroom had explained the importance of his errand that day and begged leave to proceed to his happiness. Then the barrier was withdrawn amid a shower of good wishes, and on we plodded again. Every place we passed had its obstructions ready, fir-poles, larch-trees, gates, empty carts, anything that would block the track according to immemorial custom. The miller, coming up the mountain with a load of sacks, turned his horse across the way; an old woman, who had nothing better, stretched a cord between the hedgerows; and the bridegroom won his way almost inch by inch with fervent entreaty. And what was the bride doing? She was still under the influence of invincible coyness, and every now and again made swift,

sudden bursts for freedom. To forestall these was the business of the young fellows who had been detailed to march with her, and it was their bounden duty to deliver her safe and sure at the church. At every place, where the march was obstructed they had to be doubly on the alert. The people there did all they could to assist the bride to escape. Doors were opened for her to dart into, and instantly slammed in the face of the pursuers and held against them until they forced their way in and brought her out again in triumph. Somehow or other they always manage to bring her to the church-door and then the usual ceremony follows.

After this, arm-in-arm for the first, last, and only time in their lives, the new-married couple, followed by their friends, return home to spend the day in simple revelry.

On the journey from church they are saluted by *feux-de-joie*, fired by young fellows who conceal themselves behind turf-stacks and hedges and discharge their guns rapidly as the happy couple pass.

Often enough the struggles of the bride to escape from her guardians are of the faintest, and more that an ancient tradition may not be shamed than intended to give real trouble. But at times it happens that a young lady of great spirit and strength has to be led, or rather dragged, to the altar, and then things are lively. Such a bride I saw not long since at the tail of a procession, and she played her part in a very sportsmanlike fashion. I came across the train quite by accident as it wound its way down the mountain, and for a moment wondered, for I had not heard there was a marriage afoot. Indeed when they came nearer and I began to recognise many of them, I found them people from the other side of the mountain who, for some reason or

other, were coming to the church on this slope. I stood aside on a little eminence to watch them pass, and just as I was cheerfully wishing them luck, the bride made a splendid burst for freedom. She was a fine, strapping wench, as strong as a horse, and in charge of two lathy lads. They had spent no easy time with her so far, for they were hot and red and one had a great dent in his hat. Her face was like the rising sun; her hat hung over one ear, and her hair was loose. She made her coy flight just as she passed the mouth of a steep, stony path leading to the house of an acquaintance, and began it by driving the elbow of a thick, muscular arm into the ribs of her right-hand guardian. Sending him spinning, she tore away from the other light-weight and rushed up the slope, her heavy nailed boots making the loose stones ring again as they flew smoking from her wild charge. At the head of the path a group of people roared a welcome and promised a safe asylum. But the second lad, long and lean, was upon her in an instant, and grappled with her; up came his companion, and a third who had rushed to their assistance. Numbers won the day, and with a shrill shriek she gave up the unequal contest. Two of them took an arm each, the third pushed at her shoulders, and away they raced her back into place.

They had the business entirely to themselves. The bridegroom, a little dried-up fellow, marched primly forward, and never dreamed of turning his head; that would have been to doubt his friends. The rest of the procession followed his example, and were almost out of sight, dropping down the side of a steep glen, before she was restored to her former position.

After every marriage on the mountain a festive meeting is held called *neithior*. Its main object is not rejoic-

ing, however, but a severely practical one. It is true that it is very merry, but if you attend bringing only a jovial face and a cheery laugh as your share of the entertainment, you will be looked on with a trifle more than coldness. It is intended to give the young couple a start in life, and the neighbours and friends crowd in with gifts in money or kind. It is the one feature of the ancient form of marriage which is never neglected. To-day many creep off to the Registry Office (that unromantic termination of a courtship) and cut away at a stroke the features already described; but the *neithior* is sacred. No impious finger is laid upon that, for by it you get something.

The *neithior* at Fron-wen after Margaret's marriage was more than ordinarily well attended, and achieved the distinction of being the best known for many years in the amount and value of contributions. This is a matter of great rivalry, and house vies with house, on occasion of a wedding, in gathering friends from near and far and heaping high the pile to the young folk's credit. You can find people on the mountain who have seen sixty years and more of wedded life, and will still recite promptly the amount their *neithior* yielded, every article which made it up, and full particulars of the donors. There are some who exaggerate: the amount has grown with the years; but they are promptly set straight. The parish is, after all, but one big family. The people are familiar with each other's affairs from all time. They know little, and care less, about the world outside. They have the dimmest idea of who the Sirdar may be, or what he is doing: the name of Dreyfus has no significance in their ears; but what Shinkin Ty'r Banc did fifty years ago, — pat and precise comes that story, and the story is never to

Shinkin's credit. The famous adage is reversed, and if ever he did a good deed sure it has been writ in the brown, swift-running water of our leaping mountain-brook and long ago washed out of sight and memory; but his slips, his failings are graven in his neighbour's memories as if cut in the hard, imperishable rock which crops up everywhere in their lean, scanty pastures.

"The world's very censorious, old boy," said Captain Macmurdo to Rawdon Crawley; and here mountain and valley kiss each other, mud-walled cottage and Mayfair are one. You listen to the story about Shinkin Ty'r Banc and wonder a little; he seems to you so quiet, so respectable, his hair touched with silver, his manner fine with a lofty and serene gravity, and you say, "When was that?" Your informant scratches among a patch of grey whisker, and reflects. After a while he hits the time. "All those years ago?" you say. "He's had time enough to alter." The other man laughs, a laugh with a snarl in it. "Not he," he growls; "he is just as he always was. He would do it now if he had a chance. Indeed, I would not trust him." So do these simple, kindly hill-folk talk of each other. Everybody lives in a glasshouse, and everybody throws stones with the heartiest relish. Thus it is clear that to allow a *neithior* to loom larger through the mist of years is but to invite spirited contradiction and a swift setting to rights.

When I reached Fron-wen I found the big, low-roofed kitchen full of the young folks of the mountain, laughing, talking, waiting for their turn to deliver their presents, and keeping a keen eye on what was given in.

At a small round table set near the great dresser was Rhys the inviter. It is part of his duty to be secretary

to this meeting, for the gifts are not handed over with thanks and there an end. Far from it; Rhys had a book before him, and pen and ink. In the book he wrote, with laborious scratching, the name, the address, the amount, of every giver and every gift. This record serves as a guide, were guidance needed, to the names of those who were present and who expect, in their turn, to be assisted when their *neithior* arrives; it is a sort of mutual insurance arrangement. Some lay down money and Rhys counts this carefully, places it in a blue china bowl at his side, dabs his pen in his mouth (his writing is generally done with a pencil which he sucks to blacken the stroke), splutters, takes another dip of ink, and the record is made. Some bring offerings of tea and sugar, and already a huge mound of bags of sugar and packets of tea has accumulated, piled neatly on the great table under the little deeply-set window. I dropped into an empty corner of the big settle to observe the scene for awhile.

Just round the corner of the settle were Margaret's mother and a crony. They were watching the proceedings with eyes like gimlets; there was no need of a book for them to post themselves with regard to givers and gifts.

"Ay," groaned the bride's mother, "look there, now, at Siani Pen yr Allt. As sure as I stand here she's brought six pounds of sugar."

"One and three halfpence," chimes in the crony.

"A shilling!" whispers the indignant mother. "You can get it for a shilling in the town and I

saw her fetching it. And it isn't twelve months since we gave her a pound of tea, the very best, two-and-six it was."

"*Och gwae*," drags out the other, a long, hoarse, horrible guttural, as if such meanness grated upon her very soul.

After the thrifty Siani came the carpenter with a chair, the weaver with a blanket as stiff as a board, an old woman with an earthenware water-jar of such shape as Rachel might have carried to the well, then tea, and sugar, and money again. Rhys was a busy man that evening. Beside him stood the bride, breathless with repeating thanks, her high-pitched scream of "*Diolch yn fawr i chwi, O, diolch yn fawr i chwi*, (Many thanks to you, oh many thanks to you)," rattling along as steadily as water over a mill-wheel; and the bridegroom looked as useless and smiled as foolishly as a man in such a position generally does.

I stayed an hour or more and then an irresistible desire for the clean, strong, sweet air of the mountain outside came over me. But, as I went, William Tron-wen drew me aside to whisper proudly that already his daughter's *neithior* had easily beaten anything of recent years. Up to that moment they had received thirty-six and a quarter pounds of tea, a hundred and seventeen pounds of sugar, two quilts, three blankets, a couple of chairs, a settle, a cupboard, earthenware and crockery-ware by the pile, five hens, a little round table, and nearly twenty-eight pounds in money!

JOHN FINNEMORE.

OUR ARMY AND ITS CRITICS

THE war, we are told, is over. Organised resistance on the part of the Boers has ceased; and there remain but a few marauding bands, which it would perhaps be better to call at once by their right name of brigands, that require to be suppressed by force of arms. Military movements have given place in the newspapers to political manœuvres, and casualty-lists to election-returns. The burning question of yesterday was the conduct of the war to a successful issue; the burning question of to-day is whether, having brought it to that issue, we shall or shall not reap the advantages of the same; for, as was seen after the bitter struggles which came to an end in 1713 and 1762, the British nation, after immense sacrifices of blood and treasure, is exceedingly apt to forego all the fruits of a successful war in a fit of factious temper. The question of to-morrow is, for whatever party may be in power, the reform of the Army.

This sudden and unusual interest of the nation in military matters is in many respects matter for congratulation; but there is at the same time some danger lest this interest should be guided in an unprofitable direction. The war brought to the front in the daily Press an august company which dubbed its members *military experts*. One at least of these possessed some right to the title, for his studious moderation and disclaimer of all pretension to omniscience proved him at once to be a soldier and a soldier of experience. But the majority, having never seen troops on active service in the field, observed no

such modesty. It is the function of a journalist to be omniscient and infallible. This is expected of him, or at any rate he thinks that it is; and it may be that he is not far wrong. Accordingly these gentlemen, with most imperfect *data* before them and with, in many cases, no more than a theoretical knowledge of war, took upon themselves to lay down the law as to the movements that should be made, the places that should be occupied, and, in a word, as to the disposition of the troops and the conduct of the operations at large. The early reverses to our troops in some quarters stimulated them to harder criticism, and with the aid of the war-correspondents they passed sweeping judgments, not only on the generals, but frequently on the entire *personnel* and *matériel* of the Army.

In the ignorance of military history which distinguishes our nation, these experts were accepted at their own valuation. They gave the public clearly to understand that in England, at any rate, civilians and amateurs could manage military affairs very much better than soldiers and professionals. If this were true of one amateur, why, argued the public, should it not be true of many? Accordingly multitudes, who did not know the difference between a field-gun and a flat-iron, indulged in wholesale condemnation of our artillery, while many more asked indignantly why that idiot General A. did not march to B., and that hopeless General X. to Y., having no very clear conception why either movement should be made, or what would be gained if,

supposing them to be feasible, they were executed. It is even to be feared that there were folks base enough to address brutal anonymous letters to the wife of at least one general who had had the misfortune to suffer a reverse.

In respect of any other profession the amateur who dictates to the professional is esteemed impertinent; and the treatment judged most fitting for him is silent and amused contempt. If a journalist of no practical experience in agriculture were to lecture a farmer who had devoted the study and practice of a lifetime to making the most of his land, the obvious comment of every sensible man would probably contain some reference to grandmothers and to eggs. Why should not the same rule hold good in respect of war, which is a more uncertain matter even than English agriculture? To myself, a humble student of British military history, who have traced the story of many British expeditions from their inception to their end, the confident dogmatism of some of these critics has appeared little short of amazing. The more deeply I have burrowed into the subject, the more have I been impressed with the difficulties that attend the conduct of even the simplest campaign, and the not less formidable difficulty, in the vast majority of cases, of forming a correct judgment upon it. Above all I have been awed by the influence, always powerful, often over-mastering, of that mysterious and incalculable element, which is called the fortune of war. From the sublime to the ridiculous, as we know, there is but a step; but between the brilliant victory and the abject disaster there is often but the breadth of a hair.

Even now that the war is over the process of amateur criticism still continues. Under the title of PUZZLES

OF THE WAR Mr. Spenser Wilkinson has published a lecture addressed to the Secretary of State for War, but obviously aimed at his military advisers, on the configuration of the Natal frontier and the advantages of pen, ink, and paper towards the clearing of the mind for a plan of campaign. To this succeeds instruction to Sir Redvers Buller on the established principles of strategy, and an admonition to Lord Roberts, with reference to the leniency shown to the Boers after the capture of Bloemfontein, that it would be well for English officers to master German and to study the philosophy of war in that delectable tongue.

Now Mr. Spenser Wilkinson has, as we all know, studied the history and theory of war with a thoroughness that entitles his opinions to respect; but, if a mere student may venture to say so, those opinions would be more acceptable if they were not advanced to the dignity of dogmas, and his criticisms more enlightening if they did not take the form of sermons.

Nothing can be more certain than that mistakes have been made in the past campaign, great mistakes and often avoidable mistakes, as they have been made in every campaign recorded in the history of the world, and as they will continue to be made so long as the world shall last. There was the first great mistake of the Government in reckoning that there would be no war, a miscalculation which is not wholly excused by the fact that it was shared by many of the very best judges on the spot. Then there was the under-estimation of the enemy's fighting power by the general in command on the Natal frontier. The consequences of this mistake were aggravated by the fortune of war; for it is of common knowledge that, but for one officer's misconception of his duty, the first success at Talana

Hill might have been converted into a telling blow which, coming as it did at the outset of the campaign, might well have altered the whole course of the war in Natal. *If!* The history of war is made up of *ifs*. The name of Wolfe is honoured among us, but it went perilously near to sharing the fate of Burgoyne's. There is no need to follow the matter further; but it may be added that the English general who was responsible for this mistake erred at least in good company. Frederick the Great, with James Keith at his elbow to warn him, undervalued the fighting power of the Russians. Napoleon, with Frederick's example before him, made the same mistake as to the Russians, repeated it, with Ruvigny's story to his hand, as to Spain, and repeated it a third time, despite the cautions of Soult and Ney, in respect of the British at Waterloo.

Such constant recurrence of the same blunder should teach us to deal gently with the fallibility of soldiers as with that of other men, and to keep our hard words, if we must use them at all, for the infallible only. The gifted writer of the article to which I have adverted cannot really suppose that Lord Wolseley and Sir Redvers Buller, who have studied their profession ardently all their lives, in the field as well as in the closet, have the least need of his patronising instruction. If, as occasionally happens, an engineer makes a miscalculation as to the strain on a bridge or the stability of a ship, no journalist would expound to the public the parallelogram of forces, or hint that pen, ink, and paper are useful materials for the calculator, and a table of logarithms not without its value. Again, even if Lord Roberts and the officers of his army do not enjoy the critic's advantage of having studied the philosophy of war in the original

German, he might at least be merciful and tell them where the problem of leniency or severity to a conquered country, in circumstances curiously akin to those which distinguish the invasion of the South African Republics, may be profitably read in our native English. I do not know if the German philosophy of war has taken any of its examples from the despatches of Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Cornwallis, and Lord Rawdon from Carolina in 1780-81. German work is generally thorough, so most probably it has; but if it has not, I venture to think that English readers might study these despatches with advantage, for it will show them how extremely complex this policy of leniency or severity can be. It has long been a matter of surprise to me that no military expert should have been at the pains to write a succinct story of that campaign in Carolina, presenting as it does so remarkable a parallel to that which is just closing in South Africa. It would have been more profitable both to writers and public than lectures to generals on the principles of their profession.

For it is unfortunately idle in this country to point to such and such principles and ask why War Office and generals have departed from them, since the truth is that they have not a free hand, and cannot have a free hand under a democracy with long inherited traditions and habits of faction. If Mr. Spenser Wilkinson can alter this, he will do good work, and unless I am very much mistaken, there is no object which he has more deeply at heart. But as Lord Salisbury said, with perfect truth though at a time when it was almost criminal to say it, our constitution is ill-suited to war.

The question now more immediately before the nation is how to use the lessons of the war for the reform of

the Army. Here again the amateur has stepped in, and THE SPECTATOR characteristically recommends the study of his article on the subject to all serious readers. I am one of the very many, I am glad to say, who need no recommendation to read any work that bears the name of Dr. Conan Doyle; and I may be allowed to express my respectful gratitude and admiration towards one who, in the pursuit of the nobler of his two professions, has devoted his skill to the healing of our soldiers abroad, while leaving his books to soothe the weary anxiety of their friends at home.

Dr. Doyle excuses himself, an amateur, for giving his own views on the military lessons of the war, on the ground that, in the face of "the manifest blunders and miscalculations" of the military authorities, "a civilian need not hesitate to express his opinion." Certainly, whether justified or not, he shows no hesitation. His first lesson of the war is that the defence of the Empire is the business not of a warrior-caste, but of every able-bodied citizen; and this position is sound and unassailable. The principle is one which has been accepted in France for more than a century; and it is matter for rejoicing to see it supported by so able a pen. The expression *warrior-caste* would perhaps be misleading to a foreigner, for until recently the British soldier has been rather a warrior-outcast; but the phrase will not be misinterpreted in England, where there is now ground for hope that the old prejudice against the Army is steadily decaying.

The next most certain lesson of the war is "once for all to reduce the bugbear of an invasion of Great Britain to an absurdity." With a moderate "efficiency with the rifle, the able-bodied population of this

country could, without its fleet and without its professional soldiers, defy the united forces of Europe. The advantage of the defence over the attack is so enormous, that the invasion of Kent or Sussex, always a desperate operation, has now become an impossible one." Depending therefore for the defence of our shores on a "developed system of militia and volunteers," we can release for the defence of the Empire almost all the professional soldiers. From this starting-point Dr. Doyle proceeds to unfold his scheme, or sketch, of the lines on which the reorganisation of the Army should proceed.

Here again the idea that the whole of the regular army should be free for service outside the British Isles will commend itself to all; but it is not new, for it was originated by the elder Pitt at the reorganisation of the militia in 1757. None the less it is never unprofitable that sound ideas should be repeated. Further, there can be no dispute as to the greater advantage given to the defence by the latest development of modern weapons; indeed military men perceived the bearing of rifle-fire at long range upon the defence of England as far back as during the Tirah campaign. But it must not be forgotten that foggy England is by no means so ideal a sphere for the employment of long-range-fire as the marvellously clear and lucid air of South Africa. However, Dr. Doyle allows a sufficient force for home-defence; and, as he says, with a million militia and volunteers, the Household Cavalry, the Guards, and "a good proportion of artillery," the British Isles should be in absolute safety. The Yeomanry, he adds, should be turned into Mounted Infantry; and so long as they are trained to the duties of scouting and reconnaissance, which are now committed to the

Cavalry, the change would probably be for the better.

The only vague portion of this scheme of home-defence is the "developed system of militia and volunteers;" a most desirable thing no doubt, but not to be accomplished by a stroke of the pen. As is usual with such schemes, the real difficulties are left for the professional soldier to work out without help. Dr. Doyle's only assistance to him is the suggestion that the militia and volunteers "should not be plagued with drill beyond the very simplest requirements," and that their shooting should be sedulously encouraged. No one will quarrel with the latter recommendation, but what are "the very simplest requirements" of drill, and at what points do they begin and end to be a plague? Drill is not only an end in itself for the orderly movement of men in large bodies, but a means to the still greater end of discipline. Under Dr. Doyle's scheme, as will presently be seen, the militia and volunteers will be called upon in any emergency to furnish two-thirds of the strength of the infantry of the line, or not less than 70,000 men, at a stroke. Under these conditions the very simplest requirements may prove to be not so very simple after all. Infantry spend a great deal more of their time in marching than in fighting. Free play of individual intelligence and initiative is doubtless of value in the skirmishing line, but I have always understood that on the march it makes for straggling.

After this rather hasty dismissal of the question of home-defence, Dr. Doyle passes to discussion of professional soldiers. It would be better, in his opinion, that they should be fewer in number, more highly trained and more highly paid. By offering half-a-crown or three shillings a day you could pick your men carefully,

insist upon every man being a highly proficient marksman, and make dismissal from the service a very real punishment. "One man who hits his mark outweighs ten who miss it, and only asks one tenth of the food and transport. . . . Eliminate the useless soldiers and increase the pay of the useful ones, even if it reduces the Army to 100,000 men."

Surely here is a warrior-caste with a vengeance, whereas we thought we had done with such things. However, let that pass; let us ignore the feelings of the warrior-caste and of the rest of the community, and let us get on to our 100,000 men. These would consist, according to Dr. Doyle's scheme, of 30,000 Mounted Infantry, picked shots and riders, the *dite* of our fighting force; 30,000 artillery, armed with the best weapons that money can buy; 30,000 infantry in 100 skeleton battalions of 300 men apiece (to be raised on emergency by drafts from the militia and volunteers to 1,000 *per* battalion if need be); 10,000 engineers, Army Service corps, hospital corps, &c. And there are our 100,000 men, which would make us as formidable by land as by sea.

There can be no doubt that such a force, in spite of some little drawbacks which will presently be pointed out, ready for despatch on foreign service at a few days' notice from our shores, would be very formidable indeed. I pass over the fact that officers of great knowledge and experience are extremely doubtful whether even three shillings a day would attract the men that Dr. Doyle desires to the ranks. Let me assume that these officers are wrong; it is the right course for an amateur always to assume that officers are wrong, and it is well to be in the fashion. Here we have our 100,000 men, or rather 110,000, for Dr. Doyle retains the Household Infantry

and Cavalry, though whether on one shilling or three shillings a day he has omitted to mention. However, 100,000 men will suit our purpose, an expensive force no doubt, but from its efficiency worth double the number of less efficient men at half the rate of wages, and therefore an economy rather than an extravagance.

Let us now turn to reckon up the requirements of the Empire. The garrison of India is over 72,000 men; the Mediterranean garrisons bring the total roughly to 80,000 men; the rest of the naval stations to, say, 85,000; for really a thousand or two more or less is no great matter. So there are nearly nine-tenths of our expensive force needed for garrison duties, a great part of it in unhealthy climates, while the remaining tenth consists of non-combatants. Moreover India demands 53,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry, or practically the whole of the infantry, both mounted and unmounted, which Dr. Doyle allots to the service of the Empire, so that the rest of our possessions must get on as best they can with artillery only, that is to say with 17,000 men (for India requires 13,000) to garrison not only our foreign stations outside India, but to serve the guns of all branches in the British Isles, and to take the field in foreign expeditions wherever required.

Somehow this does not appear to be a very satisfactory arrangement. It is true that Dr. Doyle alludes cursorily to the Indian Army in the course of his article; but he can only mean the Native Army, for if we are to provide for a separate Anglo-Indian Army, so to speak, (a policy long since condemned) in addition to his costly 100,000 men, the economy of his scheme falls at once to the ground. The whole point of his paper is to show that a small, very highly trained and highly paid force is

cheaper than one of twice or thrice the numbers of inferior status and training. Then, it will be argued, if one of Dr. Doyle's men be equal to two or three or ten of our present men, the garrison of India, Malta, and Gibraltar can be reduced by one half, or one third or one tenth. But that is just the fallacy against which we must guard. One superior man, whatever his worth in numbers of inferior men, cannot be cut in pieces, nor can his excellence be distributed over a large area. A corporal's guard, be the men paid a pound or a penny a day, must consist of three men besides the corporal, or the sentry cannot be relieved; a post that can be held by thirty ordinary men cannot be held by ten who are thrice as good; and the same analogy holds true not only of thirty men but of three hundred, three thousand, or thirty thousand. One man may be worth three other men, but he cannot do the work of three, nor be in three places at once. It seems absurd to have to dilate on a point so elementary; but when it is overlooked by such a man as Dr. Doyle, and when his suggestions are seriously commended to public attention, one must needs insist upon it.

The fact is that Dr. Doyle, in his zeal to provide a strong and efficient force ready for immediate service in the field, has entirely overlooked the work-a-day duties in garrison. He is apparently unaware that but for the necessity for providing foreign garrisons the re-organisation of the Army would be a comparatively simple matter. This, the question of providing for foreign garrisons, is the problem which has perplexed generations of military administrators and, unless I am very much mistaken, has driven scores of them prematurely to their graves. It was the surrender of Minorca, a Mediterranean garrison,

owing to the insufficiency of the troops, not in bravery or skill, but in numbers to man the works, that lifted the elder Pitt into power and brought about the reorganisation of the Militia. But the problem was still unsolved, and it lay at the root of the quarrel that culminated in the war of American Independence. It has troubled and baffled many wise heads since then, and it continues to trouble and baffle them to this day; but Dr. Doyle leaves it wholly out of account. His 100,000 men, which are to cost as much as our present army, practically presuppose the existence of another 100,000 men to do garrison-duty at home and abroad. Where they are to come from and how they are to be paid for, he does not say. Odd details of that kind are left to professional soldiers to deal with. Might it not be wiser to leave to them the main scheme as well?

But Dr. Doyle is not content to make suggestions as to organisation; he has also a word to say as to the training of the troops. Cavalry, he says boldly, should be utterly swept away to make room for Mounted Infantry. Such Mounted Infantry, fine riders, trained horse-masters, good skirmishers, and dead shots are more valuable than any mere cavalry-man can be. Lances, swords and revolvers have only one place,—in the museum. There is only one weapon,—the magazine-rifle.

It is no doubt true that, as Dr. Doyle points out, our Cavalry has rarely acted as Cavalry during the Boer War, and that there has been little employment for sword or lance. But the Boers are a unique enemy in what may be called a unique country; and is it not a little hasty to make this sweeping deduction from the particular to the general? Professional soldiers are divided, though

perhaps less so now than formerly, as to the value of Mounted Infantry, but I do not fancy that they have the slightest doubt as to the value of Cavalry. Mounted Infantry are no new thing. Dragoons was the name by which they were formerly known, and a dragoon, as we all know, now signifies a cavalry-man all the world over. Mounted Infantry may come again, and come to stay in England at any rate; but that Cavalry will go is quite another matter. Men of high military authority, at home and abroad, believe that Cavalry has a great future before it, particularly in these days when Infantry fire away their ammunition rapidly and cannot always easily be resupplied. Sir Evelyn Wood's volume on the *ACHIEVEMENTS OF CAVALRY* shows that they have good ground for their opinion. We have a right, if we fancy it, to consider our own officers fools; but it is discourteous to extend the same contempt to those of foreign nations.

Moreover, even if Dr. Doyle's conclusion, that Cavalry can never again come to close quarters in the attack, be correct, he entirely ignores the use of cavalry in pursuit. The lances and swords did find their way to blood after *Elandslaagte* with considerable effect, both moral and destructive, though he omits to recall the fact. It must never be forgotten that a mounted infantryman on his horse is practically an unarmed man; he must dismount before he can use his weapon. If he have no bayonet, like the Boers, and has exhausted his ammunition, he is an unarmed man whether mounted or afoot. Which would Dr. Doyle prefer to find in pursuit of him, if he were one of a crowd of fugitives, twenty mounted infantry or a dozen lancers? I fancy that at the moment he would give anything in the world to have those dozen lances safe in a museum. In a word,

the whole question would be very much better left to professional men ; and Dr. Doyle may feel assured that if they can see their way to the reduction of the weight on a troop-horse's back by seven stone, as he recommends, no one will be more thankful than the cavalry-officer.

Dr. Doyle then proceeds to the Artillery, wherein he criticises practically the excessive rigidity in the training of the officers, and their want of originality in adapting themselves to peculiar conditions. The same criticism has been made in other quarters, and Dr. Doyle certainly shows good reason why it should be accepted as just, on the substantial ground of hard common-sense. But it has always been a difficulty in our service to know on what principle to train not only the Artillery but every branch of a force that is called upon to fight such an amazing variety of enemies. Excessive rigidity of training has told against us disastrously on many occasions in our military history ; and yet it is by no means so easy as it sounds to make that training elastic. There are new diseases, or new forms of old disease, which from time to time baffle the skill, temporarily at any rate, of the most devoted and experienced doctors. English generals are constantly in the position of doctors called in to combat a new disease. If their treatment is happily successful at once, they are the greatest geniuses that the world has ever seen ; if they take time to unlearn their old lessons and discover a new treatment, they are the most useless fools alive. And thus it is that the members of the two professions that exceed all others in bravery, devotion, hard training, and self-sacrifice, are the best abused of all.

I come next to Dr. Doyle's remarks on the Infantry, of which he condemns

the training as "medieval and dangerous." "The infantry man," he complains, "is still trained to march in step as the pikemen did, to go steadily shoulder to shoulder, and to rush forward with his pike advanced." Certainly the modern soldier is trained to march (which the pikeman, by the way, was not), and quite apart from all considerations of unity and discipline, I have always heard that a body of men swings along better in step than out of step. The men are also trained to move, in certain circumstances, shoulder to shoulder ; and this would seem to be necessary, for it is often imperative to draw them up and to move them in close formation, to say nothing of the fact that there are still enemies, or forms of attack, that may be best encountered shoulder to shoulder. Other nations have not abandoned Cavalry any more than ourselves. As to "rushing forward with his pike advanced" (a feat of which I fancy that the heavily weighted pikeman of old days was incapable) Dr. Doyle seems to be a little obscure, for obviously he does not wish the man to rush backward ; but the next sentences somewhat clear up his meaning. "There is only one thing which wins a modern battle, and that is straight shooting. To hit your enemy and avoid being hit yourself are the two points of the game, and the one is as important as the other." In other words, if I understand Dr. Doyle aright, a general action, for the Infantry at any rate, must be converted into a great stalking-match. No one will question the importance of good shooting and of quickness in taking cover ; but it is to be feared that an action on any scale can hardly be conducted according to the principles of Judge Lynch's famous duel with Mr. Silas Fixings. If one of the parties be safely ensconced and concealed on a rocky height, and

the others, to reach that height, must cross an open plain, it is difficult to see how the stalking-match can even begin, unless the one on the plain rushes forward at least from cover to cover. Of course he might crawl, which I take to be Dr. Doyle's meaning, but it may be questioned whether the process can be prolonged indefinitely, and endless crawling is, I am told by officers, apt to lead to skulking.

In truth, Dr. Doyle is evidently enamoured of the methods of the Boers, who, whatever their merits, have not distinguished themselves in the matter of attack. Their most conspicuous failing, apart from indiscipline, has been an unwillingness to take risks and an excessive care for their own skins. We have had to do with such characters before. The Buccaneers of the Caribbean Sea were just such men. In 1694, when the French attacked Jamaica, the greater part of their force was composed of buccaneers. They could plunder, devastate, and ravish with incomparable energy, and under the leadership of French officers they even stormed a weak entrenchment; but they were brought to a stand by five and twenty resolute men in a barricaded house, and having lost a certain number in killed and wounded, they would risk nothing more and hastily evacuated the island. They had the advantage of two to one in numbers, and their opponents were no more than raw colonial militia; but the buccaneers thought it so important to avoid being hit themselves that they accomplished nothing.

Again, it is well known that in one of the recent wars against native tribes in South Africa, a few companies of our own Mounted Infantry worked together with irregular corps of Colonial Mounted Infantry. There

was no question of the comparative value of the two for most purposes, for the Colonials were infinitely better at shooting the enemy and keeping themselves unshot. But when the natives were driven at last into the strongest of all their fastnesses the Colonials shook their heads and declined to follow them; whereas the despised British soldiers "rushed forward with pike advanced" and carried the position without hesitation. They have done the like many times in the course of the war, and will have to do it again. If the methods of both schools could be combined I imagine that the result would be ideal; but it seems to me that the professional officer, who knows the powers of his men, must be best able to judge whether they shall continue to rush forward with pike advanced or not.

Finally Dr. Doyle complains that officers do not take their profession seriously enough, and urges in particular that junior officers should be allowed greater latitude in the use of their own intelligence. Doubtless, in spite of great progress in recent times, there is still room for improvement in both of these respects, for the principle of the Company-system, introduced by the Rifle Brigade a century ago, though nominally extended to every regiment in the army, has not been accepted as it should be. But let us note the facilities offered by Dr. Doyle for the encouragement of officers. One-third of his ideal force is to consist of one hundred skeleton battalions of 300 men each. As they are liable to be filled up with 700 raw recruits at the shortest notice on an emergency, it is obvious that these skeleton battalions must have their full complement of officers. This would allow, on paper, an average of ten men to each officer, and in practice of course considerably less.

Perhaps Dr. Doyle will explain how under such conditions officers, not only junior but senior, are to learn their business and take an interest in their profession.

Lastly, I may point out that though quite willing to treble the pay of the men Dr. Doyle says not a word about the pay of the officers, though it is not obvious why that much abused body should be left wholly out of account in this respect. In common justice their wages should at least be doubled; and then it would be very strange if the officers of the Navy did not also put in their claim for a similar increase. These may seem to be small points, but they cannot be overlooked in handling a scheme of this kind.

Enough has now perhaps been said to show that Dr. Doyle's suggestions should be received at least with caution. "It is the fresh eye, undimmed by prejudice or tradition which is most likely to see clearly," he says. Very good; but prejudice must not be confounded with a knowledge of present conditions, nor tradition with the experience of the past. Such knowledge of present conditions as I have ventured to put forward in this present article is no more than lies within the reach of any man who can borrow a copy of *WHITAKER'S ALMANAC*, yet it is amply sufficient, unless I am very much mistaken, to show that Dr. Doyle's scheme of 100,000 highly paid men, far from adding to our military strength, must leave the Empire either ungarrisoned, or without a man to spare for any serious service in the field. We cannot all so master the principles of strategy and the philosophy of war as to instruct our generals; but at least we can read *WHITAKER'S ALMANAC* and ponder the same.

As to the experience of the past,

I would, as a student of British military history, ask leave to say a word on one point. I am not concerned to deny that the administration of our War Department has never been efficient, or that it never needed setting in order more than at the present moment. But let the civilian beware of thinking that the military men who have held the chief offices at head-quarters for the last century and a-half have been from generation to generation blind and incompetent. On the contrary, they have been able, far-seeing, resourceful, zealous and industrious to a degree which would have earned for many a Secretary of State a statue in Westminster Abbey. Rarely indeed have they been allowed their way; again and again they have been obliged, against their judgment, against their advice, against their entreaties, to send men on errands which they knew must end in disaster. I give one instance, as the briefest and yet the most telling that I can recall. When the question arose of coercing the American Colonies in 1774-5 the Adjutant-General, Harvey, was asked to give his opinion. His answer was, "We are not strong enough to conquer America;" and in that pregnant sentence lies the whole story of our failure. And as in matters of war, so in matters of peace their suggestions were slighted, their projects thwarted, their advice disregarded or overruled; and there was nothing for them but to shrug their shoulders, await the inevitable consequences, and make the best that they could of things as they found them. Often as one has heard the same story before, it is not till one sees it repeated over and over again in our military records that one realises its full significance.

With a succession of such men at the Horse-Guards, civilians should

be extremely shy of putting forward their own schemes of reforming the Army, for they have no conception of the difficulty of being original in such matters. If they will but think the matter over, it is extremely unlikely that they in their leisure hours will happen upon ideas which will be new to men who have for years given uninterrupted thought to the subject, and have the written thoughts of their predecessors to guide them. Nothing in the course of my own studies (which I do not for a moment claim to be exhaustive) has impressed me more than the venerable age of many projects that are put forward as new. Early this year, by a strange coincidence, I read a very pretty little suggestion in the morning's newspaper, and within two hours found before me a memorandum, written over a century before, which disposed of it completely and for ever. I do not urge that our officers at head-quarters have been faultless, or that they have never made mistakes, or never shown themselves impervious to useful ideas from without or indeed from within

the army.¹ They have been and are fallible men with the faults of their own natures and with the peculiar failings of their own profession, even as other men are; but beyond all Englishmen they are alive to the needs of the Army, anxious for its efficiency and jealous of its honour. They have, as the despatch of the present field-force to South Africa proves, wrought marvels for us in the past thirty years without the advice of amateurs. Let us, then, instead of giving them our crude schemes, wait for them to give us theirs, from all the fulness of their knowledge and experience; and having got it let us insist that it shall be carried out. Then, if they fail us, we can hang them if we will.

J. W. FORTESCUE.

¹ "Public trials, after unfortunate affairs, of commanding officers are as necessary to the military as to the naval service, and might in some instances be highly beneficial to the military profession." This is not a quotation from a leading article in the newspapers of this year, but from the memoirs of an officer (who commanded at an "unfortunate affair") which were published in 1786.